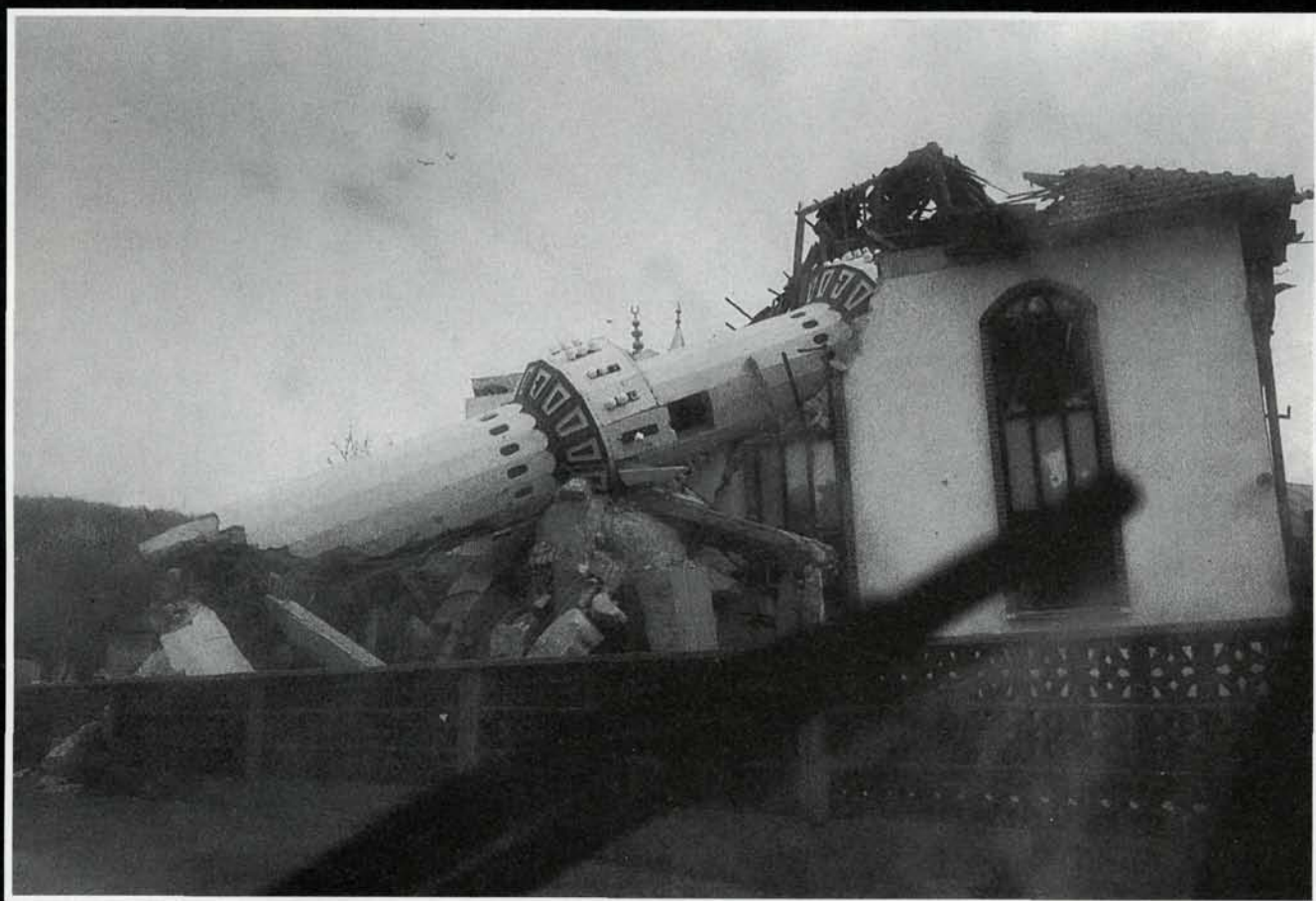


N DEFENSE OF DERIVATIVES—MARC LEVINSON

MARCH 20, 1995 • \$2.95

THE NEW REPUBLIC WAR CRIMES



ANTHONY LEWIS
ON THE
BETRAYERS OF BOSNIA

787445

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



On any given day, you'll find
couples at the park enjoying the
benefits of UltraClean Propane.

Sometimes you have to drag yourself out
of the den to get some fresh air. So to help
keep the air clean, a growing number of
vehicles have been using alternative fuels
from Phillips Petroleum like UltraClean[®]

Propane. They burn cleaner, leaving more
room in the air for other things. Like air, for
instance. To all of us at Phillips, that's what it
means to be The Performance Company.

PHILLIPS PETROLEUM COMPANY



For an annual report on Phillips' health, environmental and safety performance, write to: HES Report, 16 Al PB, Bartlesville, OK 74004.



Editor-in-Chief and Chairman
MARTIN PERETZ

Editor
ANDREW SULLIVAN

Literary Editor
LEON WIESELTIER

Executive Editor
MARGARET TALBOT

Senior Editors
FRED BARNES, ANN HULBERT, MICKEY KAUS,
MICHAEL KINSLEY, WESTON KOSOVA, CHARLES LANE,
MICHAEL LEWIS, ROBERT WRIGHT

Managing Editor
DAVID GREENBERG

Legal Affairs
JEFFREY ROSEN

Films
STANLEY KAUFFMANN

Theater
ROBERT BRUSTEIN

Poetry
MARYJO SALTER

Dance
MINDY ALOFF

Photography
LUC SANTE

Art
JED PERL

Contributing Editors
ELIOT A. COHEN, STANLEY CROUCH,
ANNA HUSARSKA, JOHN B. JUDIS,
CHARLES KRAUTHAMMER, VINT LAWRENCE,
DOUGLAS G. McGRATH, LOUIS MENAND,
ROGER ROSENBLATT, MAGGIE SCARE,
ROBERT SHAPIRO, RONALD STEEL, E.V. THAW,
TOM TOLES, TATYANA TOLSTAYA, MICHAEL WALZER,
JACOB WEISBERG, SEAN WILENTZ,
ALAN WOLFE, C. VANN WOODWARD

Associate Editor
RUTH SHALIT

Assistant Literary Editor
NADER MOUSAVIZADEH

Design Consultant
ERIC BAKER

Editorial-Corporate Coordinator
LAURA E. OBOLINSKY

Production Director
BRUCE STEINKE

Production Assistant
HENRY RIGGS

Copy Editor
DEBRA DUROCHER

Staff Writer
HANNA ROSIN

Reporter-Researchers
JENNIFER BRADLEY, ANDY LAMEY,
DANTE RAMOS

President
JEFFREY L. DEARTH

Publisher
JOAN M. STAPLETON

Associate Publisher-Marketing
PAUL J. VIZZA

Associate Publisher-Circulation
PEGGY JARVIS FERRIN

Associate Publisher-Advertising
JAMES J. McCABE

Controller
JEAN GANDY

Advertising Director
JENNIFER BARRETT

Accounting Manager
CHRISTINA R. BONIFER

Circulation Manager
CECELIA M. STEPHENS

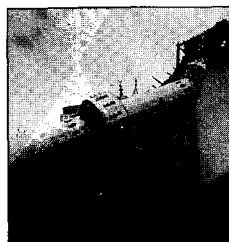
Advertising Assistant
DIANE M. SEBOLD

Accounting Assistant
JACQUELYN M. PASCALE

Circulation Assistant
CAROLYN BERRY

Back Issues and Reception
DORIS RIDLEY

MARCH 20, 1995



Cover photograph copyright 1994
by Gilles Peress. Cover by Eric
Baker for THE NEW REPUBLIC.
Article on page 29.

AMBASSADOR UNIVERSITY
LIBRARY

PO Box 111
Big Sandy, TX 75755

FOUNDED 1914
WASHINGTON, D.C.
ISSUE 4,183

- 4 **CORRESPONDENCE** Michael Lerner's sister, Dick Arme's blisters, G-men &c.
- 6 **ROBERT WRIGHT** TRB: TORTELLINI Twists in the GOP plans for legal reform.
- 7 **THE EDITORS** BLOCKHEADS The case against block grants and for entitlements.
- 8 **NOTEBOOK** The smearing of Kara Hultgreen, James Cramer &c.
- 10 **HART SEELY** VOICE MAIL RAGE A disembodied woman gets harassed.
- 12 **FRED BARNES** WHITE HOUSE WATCH: QUOTA CRUNCH Clinton's set-aside conundrum.
- 13 **SHLOMO AVINERI** SETTING SUN The Russian Federation is the British Empire.
- 14 **JOHN HEILEMANN** SACRAMENTO POSTCARD: MEAT EATERS Pete Wilson's GOP problem.
- 16 **JIM SLEEPER** THE OTHER BILL No, Bill Bradley is not challenging Bill Clinton. But his message is a reminder of what Clinton first promised.
- 19 **MARC LEVINSON** TRADER NICK In the Barings debacle, were derivatives at fault? Not at all. A defense of a harmless financial innovation.
- 21 **RICHARD PARKER** THE COMING LEGAL BACKLASH What happens when O.J. gets off?
- 24 **DAVID A. BELL** BYE-BYE, MITTERRAND He has lasted longer than any other European leader. But what are we to make of François Mitterrand? A study of a career united less by ideology than by the politics of sentiment.
- 28 **STANLEY KAUFFMANN** ON FILMS: STRANGE YET FAMILIAR *Through the Olive Trees*, the quietest film; *Just Cause*, full of clichés.
- 29 **ANTHONY LEWIS** WAR CRIMES *Slaughterhouse: Bosnia and the Failure of the West* by David Rieff
- 34 **IAN BURUMA** SUNRISE, SUNSET *Jews in the Japanese Mind* by David G. Goodman and Masanori Miyazawa
- 38 **ALEXANDER STAR** DEATH OF A SALESMAN *Fables of Abundance* by Jackson Lears
- 40 **RICHARD TILLINGHAST** POEM *Father in October*
- 42 **ANDREW SULLIVAN** MIAMI DIARIST: POINT OF VIEW

THE NEW REPUBLIC, Vol. 212, Number 12, Issue 4,183, March 20, 1995. (Printed in the U.S. on March 1, 1995.) Published weekly (except for combined issues dated Jan. 9 & 16, July 17 & 24, Aug. 21 & 28, and Sept. 18 & 25, 1995) at 1220 19th Street, NW, Washington, DC 20036. Telephone (202) 331-7494. The New Republic Advertising Sales Office (212) 702-4882. Yearly subscriptions, \$69.97; foreign, \$99.97; Canada, \$84.97. Back issues, \$3.50 (includes postage & handling). © 1995 by The New Republic, Inc. (ISSN 0028-6583). Second-class postage paid at Washington, DC, and additional mailing offices. Indexed in Readers' Guide, Media Review Digest. Microform, CD-ROM, issue and article copies are available through University Microfilms Intl., 300 N. Zeeb Road, Ann Arbor, MI 48106. Telephone 1-800-521-0600. Internet mail address: editors@tnr.com Member, Audit Bureau of Circulations. Unsolicited manuscripts can be returned only if accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Subscribers: Please send all remittances, changes of address, and subscription inquiries to Subscription Service Dept., The New Republic, P.O. Box 602, Mount Morris, IL 61054. For subscription problems call 800-827-1289.

CORRESPONDENCE

Angry young G-men

To the editors:

In "G-men" (February 20) does Weston Kosova mean to say that one man working overtime in pursuit of a goal—and in conjunction with other men who share that goal and who are willing to subordinate themselves to that man—can accomplish some common objective? And does he mean to say that this phenomenon can occasionally manifest itself in the guise of an American political party? Keep those insights coming.

W.E. AUSTIN JR.
Springfield, New Jersey

Barney and Dick

To the editors:

The writer of "Barney Fag" (The Editors, February 20) ought to take a walk around town. Of course Richard Armev made his "Barney Fag" comment intentionally. He and his pals are just so full of themselves that he forgot that someone was listening and that there would be fallout when the crack became public. It is slightly off the mark to say, "It's essentially fine," to use the term fag "while it is not essentially fine to use the terms 'kikes' and 'niggers.'" In fact, in much of America, it's quite fine to use the term fag and just a shade less fine to use the other two terms. All three, and many more, roll off a lot of tongues.

Sure, verbal bigotry does not disqualify someone from public office. On the contrary, it is what, in some cases, *qualifies* officeholders. Armev, like any other elected official, represents his constituents. They vote for him because of who he is, not in spite of it. He speaks for

them and says what they have to say, what they certainly say themselves. If Armev doesn't represent his district well, they will not re-elect him next time.

ALFRED G. JONAS
Brookline, Massachusetts

To the editors:

I want to thank you for "Barney Fag" (February 20). Richard Armev's sneeringly arrogant deceitfulness has been recognized in Texas for some time. Now that he has been given a position of national importance, it is essential that this characteristic be made known to citizens in other states. Your editorial irrefutably summarizes the wide discrepancy between what Armev says and what he does. I only wish that Armev was the sole member of the current leadership with this unfortunate characteristic. Could it be that the current leadership finds arrogance and deceitfulness to be desirable traits?

MICHAEL GUILTINAN
San Antonio, Texas

Protect yourself

To the editors:

Charles Lane's characterization of the Economic Strategy Institute as "protectionist" is inaccurate ("Who Lost Mexico?" February 20).

The institute has supported vigorous measures to respond to predatory foreign trade practices such as subsidies, dumping and intellectual property theft. It also believes that mere inclusion of the words "free trade" does not automatically mean that trade agreements will advance U.S. economic interests. But it repeatedly argued that both of the major trade liberalization agreements completed by the Clinton administration—NAFTA and GATT—served these interests on balance. Is this what Lane means by "protectionism"? If so, then all post-World War II American presidents deserve the label as well—and like other carelessly used epithets, it becomes meaningless.

ALAN TONELSON
Fellow, Economic Strategy Institute
Washington, D.C.

Let 'em die

To the editors:

In "Very Ex-Cons" (February 20), Andy Lamey makes an assumption typical of those enamored with large-scale databases: that because of the occurrence of an event (e.g., inmate deaths), it must be recorded, categorized, analyzed and reported. Why?

We know that prisons are hostile environments. Prisons are, after all, a congrega-

tion of violent and antisocial individuals. We know, or at least should anticipate, that some will die violently while they are under state protection. Whatever the number may be of those who die violently, this number most likely will neither lead to prison reforms nor to any reduction in the antisocial and violent behavior of prison inhabitants.

Bureaucracies collect massive amounts of data. If prison officials do not seem overly concerned with the availability or accuracy of data regarding the violent deaths of inmates, could it be that they see little merit in collecting this data?

ROGER G. GOLDBERG
Pensacola, Florida

Berlin and Bacall

To the editors:

In the last lines of his excellent piece on Isaiah Berlin ("The Philosopher of Sympathy," February 20), Avishai Margalit misses the full flavor of Berlin's exchange with Lauren Bacall. The two did indeed meet at a dinner in Paris, and, since each supposed the other to be French, they began their conversation in French. When Sir Isaiah said (in French) that he lived in Oxford, Lauren Bacall, remembering the man whom she had been enchanted by some twenty years before in my house in Cambridge, Massachusetts, asked, "*Connaissez-vous mon ami Isaiah Berlin?*" Sir Isaiah replied, "*C'est moi*"—and they both happily continued the conversation in English.

ARTHUR SCHLESINGER JR.
New York, New York

To the editors:

I read with great appreciation Avishai Margalit's recent essay on Isaiah Berlin. In the early 1930s, Berlin suggested to the young Freddie Ayer that he write up his views of the Vienna Circle, recently heard on a stay in Austria. The result was the vastly influential *Language, Truth and Logic*, published in 1936, a manifesto of logical positivism and clear thinking. Berlin's later examination of the central principle of logical positivism, an essay titled "Verification," is one of the most honest and best critiques of that philosophical school. While this fact would be a mere footnote to Margalit's excellent article, Berlin's timely advice to Ayer was an important catalyst for one of the best philosophy books ever written.

JOHN SHOSKY
Washington, D.C.

Big Bird 2, Newt 0

To the editors:

In TRB, ("Newt vs. Big Bird," TRB, Febru-



AUDIO BOOKS

- Rentals by mail
- All Unabridged
- Huge Selection
- 100% Guarantee

BLACKSTONE AUDIO BOOKS
Dept. NE • P.O. Box 969 • Ashland OR 97520

For a FREE Catalogue, Write or Call:
1-800-729-2665

ary 20) Robert Wright exposes the fallacies underlying Newt Gingrich's assertions about public television. A cursory examination of the programming available on commercial networks clearly refutes the proposition that these networks are capable of matching the quality of programs currently offered by public television and NPR. News programs such as "The MacNeil/Lehrer News-Hour" and "All Things Considered" are vastly superior to any similar commercial offerings. Likewise, children's programming on most other networks aims primarily to treat children as consumers, rather than to educate them. There is no evidence that other networks will provide the same kind of cultural, educational and informational programs which the CPB presently supports. Rather, we should expect more of the same tripe.

NATHAN IRWIN
Grand Forks, North Dakota

Oops!

To the editors:

Imagine my surprise seeing your reprint of the ad I had taken out in the "Personals" column of *The New York Review of Books* to help my brother, Michael Lerner, find a mate. (Notebook, March 6). Family helps family. I love my brother and thought this was a decent idea. Since no names were disclosed in my ad but you chose to reveal his name, I'm confused about a few things. Was it that your misplaced idea of "clever" overshadowed the higher human instinct not to hurt another human being? Was it that you never heard of invasion of privacy and copyright infringement—you know, publicizing private matters and copying something written by another without her consent? (Don't worry. My lawyer will help you become more familiar with that concept.) Or was it that you are simply the center of media cynicism and moral bankruptcy? Gee, I guess you don't have to respond to that last question since the answer is pretty obvious.

TRISH VRADENBURG
Encino, California

The editors reply:

For the record, when we came upon the personal ad, we had no idea that Michael Lerner was actually the brother in question. We just thought it was a funny coincidence. But sometimes truth is stranger than satire.

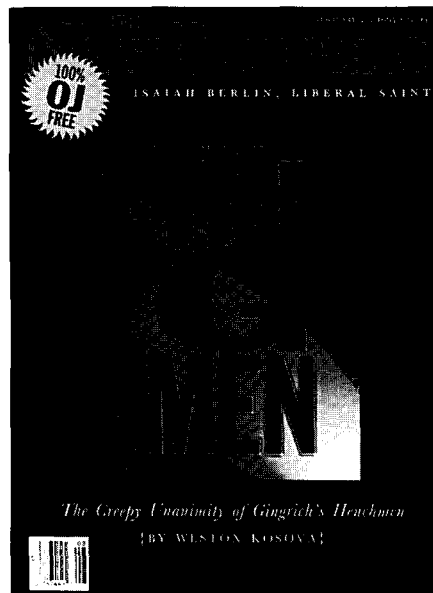
Busloads from Hicksville

To the editors:

While Roger Rosenblatt has fun with

Andrew Lloyd Webber, much of the underlying ire of his piece is directed at those less discerning than himself, like the "busloads from Hicksville" and the friends who actually buy the tickets for wiser folks like Rosenblatt.

But when he tries to indict theater critics for complicity in keeping the Lloyd Webber machine oiled (overlooking the fact that the best critics, including TNR's Robert Brustein, have been pointing to the unsoundness of the composer's inflated contraptions for years), who's the one critic whose work he cites? The newly appointed Margo Jefferson, who has yet to publish one theater review in *The New York Times*. How odd that, as an example of her lack of critical judgment, he chooses to refer to a book review from March 1994 that



Jefferson wrote in which, far from excusing self-important bad work, she sends her critical dart right to the heart of a writer's flaws.

The review is worth quoting: "Mr. Rosenblatt ... writes as though every idea of his were brilliant and every joke hilarious."

DAVID IRWIN
Middle Village, New York

Lush

To the editors:

I want to second Stanley Kauffmann's approval for the look of *Murder in the First* ("Scenes of the Crimes," February 20), but to add a defense of the moments when, according to Kauffmann, Rocco's work "verges on the lush." As a longtime Bay Area resident, I felt that the movie was in part about the contrast between the intense, sometimes overwhelming and even, yes, lush beauty

of San Francisco (including, weirdly, The Rock itself), and the moral and visual ugliness of the Alcatraz prison. For me, the moments of torture and brutality needed the moments of cinematic beauty to work their full effects.

WENDY LESSER
Berkeley, California

Rather blather, ctd.

To the editors:

It probably amused TNR readers to learn that Jesse Helms mispronounced the name of the new North Korean leader, Kim Jong Il as "Kim Jong Two," and later as "Kim Jong the third." (Notebook, February 20)

So what's Dan Rather's excuse? "CBS Evening News" junkies were treated on February 16 to the sight of Rather, no doubt reading from a teleprompter, finishing a story about the continuing North Korean leadership struggle with a reference to "Kim Jong second."

DOUGLAS MURPHY
Dallas, Texas

100 percent what's-his-name free

To the editors:

I am quite pleased by your choice of ignoring the absurd, circus-like atmosphere surrounding the O.J. Simpson trial. I must point out a glaring inaccuracy, however. Does not the simple mention of O.J. on the cover negate the ability to declare the issue "100% O.J. Free"? Perhaps a more proper cover would have reflected a purity level of 99 and 44/100.

ALVIN JOHNSON
North Bellmore, New York

To the editors:

Imagine my dismay to learn that your February 20 issue was certified as "100% O.J. Free!" As a conspicuous non-consumer of tabloid journalism, I wondered where I would find the gripping, profound analysis of the century's most newsworthy trial to which I had grown accustomed.

Then it hit me. It was time to renew my subscription to *The New Yorker*.

STEVEN A. STADTMAUER
New York, New York

THE NEW REPUBLIC welcomes unsolicited manuscripts and article proposals. Because of the volume of submissions, we regret that we cannot acknowledge an article or return it unless it is accompanied by a self-addressed, stamped envelope. If articles are accepted for publication, authors will be notified within two weeks. **No fax or phone queries, please.**

TRB[®]

FROM WASHINGTON

Tortellini

Whatever you do, don't lease a storefront to House Majority Leader Richard Arme y and his wife, Susan. In 1992 they opened the "Matchmaker Boutique" in suburban Virginia. The store flopped, and they promptly quit making payments on their five-year lease. When the landlord went to court to get his rent, the Armeys counter-sued, seeking not just freedom from the lease, but an extra \$317,000 in damages. According to *The Washington Post*, they allege that the landlord failed to tell them (a) "that the property had been unoccupied for two years" and (b) "that a previous business there had failed apparently in part because of a lack of customer traffic."

Cut to Capitol Hill. It is Arme y's job to help pass the "Common Sense Legal Reform Act of 1995." The bill would crack down on people who, when victimized either by bad luck or their own bad judgment, file a lawsuit, thus engorging parasitic lawyers and exacting an implicit tax on society. The now-legendary example is Stella Liebeck, the 82-year-old woman who spilled McDonald's coffee on herself and won a \$2.9 million judgment (later scaled way down). No doubt Arme y would draw a major distinction between himself and Stella Liebeck. The main distinction I see is that opening a store without doing elementary research is appreciably dopier than opening a cup of coffee while holding it in your lap.

Arme y's litigiousness, though one of the more glaring rhetorical handicaps for the Republicans in their fight for "tort reform," is not the most significant. A better candidate for that title is the Private Property Protection Act, another part of the Contract with America. Taken together, these two bills remind us yet again what a bundle of contradictions the contract is.

Republicans talk as if their "common sense" tort reform bill would simply restore justice on a case-by-case basis. They just want a world in which restaurants don't pay for customer clumsiness but do pay when they are truly at fault.

Well, we all want such a world. Unfortunately, it's impossible to craft a formula for ending abuses of the courts without discouraging some valid uses. Certainly the Republican bill doesn't achieve this. It would, for example, make the losing party pay the legal fees of the winner. This would succeed in discouraging "lottery lawsuits," long-shot cases that lawyers take on a contingency basis in hopes of occasionally hitting a jackpot; but it would also discourage meritorious suits by people who fear the cost of losing.

Thus, the issue isn't guaranteeing justice (impossible), but calibrating the painful tradeoff between individual protection and a larger societal interest, in this case keeping down the price of coffee at restaurants. The Republicans, in effect, are saying things are slanted too far toward the individual.

And they're probably right. But now consider the Private Property Protection Act, designed to help landowners hurt by environmental laws.

Again, Republicans would frame the issue as simple justice. If the EPA defines your parcel as wetlands, ending your plans to build a home, doesn't it owe you something? And, again, the real issue is dicier. Recalibrating the tradeoff between individual and societal interests will have both good and bad effects. Under the "property protection" reform, you must be compensated if environmental laws (even *existing* laws) have cut your property value by 10 percent. This is an open invitation to trouble. First, two honest property appraisals can differ by 10 percent (leaving aside the issue of dishonest appraisals, which would tend to crop up under this law). Second, this law would encourage people to dream up new uses for their property in hopes of being lucratively frustrated. Testifying before Congress, J. Peter Byrne of Georgetown Law School said the law would tempt him to "buy a wetland on the Virginia Eastern Shore cheap, request a permit to fill" and, when denied permission, get "potentially massive compensation."

Certainly the property protection bill would in some cases bring arguably just recompense to victims of government actions. The point is just that the newly created just outcomes would necessarily be mixed with newly created unjust outcomes—some the result of guileful plotting and some not. Overnight, many a landowner would become Stella Liebeck without the skin grafts. Just as her windfall was funded by other restaurant customers, the landowners' windfall would be funded by taxpayers. In both cases, the price of assiduously protecting indi-

viduals is borne by society at large.

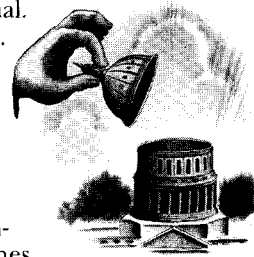
So why do Republicans favor the individual over society in one case and not in the other? The answer is not obscure. First, they're delighted to throw a wrench into the evil machinery of environmental law, whereas impeding the invisible hand that allocates McDonald's coffee is a prospect too horrible to bear. Second, the individuals in the individual-society tradeoff are, in the case of "property protection," ranchers, real-estate developers, owners of vacation homes—in short, Republicans. With tort reform, in contrast, the individuals are more like the average McDonald's customer.

As if to underscore this socioeconomic bias, the Republican brand of tort reform strikes especially hard at people of modest means. The average McDonald's customer will find the "loser pays" provision a greater deterrent to filing even a minor lawsuit than will, say, a couple affluent enough to open a boutique. (My own solution is to delete the "loser pays" provision and place a ceiling on punitive damages—as distinguished from compensatory damages—even lower than the Republican ceiling; this would dull the "lottery lawsuit" incentive, but in more egalitarian fashion.)

O.K., so with both tort reform and "property protection," the Republicans bow to the moneyed classes, more abstract contradictions notwithstanding. This is not, in one sense, a news flash. Indeed, this particular tension within conservative thinking about the society-versus-individual tradeoff was alluded to in these pages by Michael Kinsley years ago, back when the issue was a Supreme Court case on landowner grievances. More generally, much of government can be reduced to the issue of which individuals sacrifice for the public good, and historically a defining distinction between the parties has been where on the income scale they would focus the sacrifice.

So why bother bringing up this particular example? Because of the Republicans' annoying success in blurring that distinction lately. They sold the Contract with America as a boon to the common man. But after "common sense" tort reform, the common man will be loath to file even a valid lawsuit. And in the name of "property protection," the common man's taxes will go to console some Fortune-500 CEO who isn't allowed to build a guest cottage next to his summer home on the Cape. To a greater extent than voters realized in November, Republicans are still Republicans, and Democrats are still Democrats.

ROBERT WRIGHT



MARCH 20, 1995

BLOCKHEADS

Perhaps the most obvious panacea in the Republicans' Contract with America is the so-called block grant. Newt Gingrich et al. propose to abolish a whole roster of federal welfare entitlements—Food Stamps, AFDC, Medicaid and the Women, Infants and Children nutrition program. Instead, they'd turn over all the money that would be spent on these programs to the states in lump-sum grants. "We want to move welfare solutions closer to people's homes and communities," declares Representative Clay Shaw, who chairs the House Ways and Means subcommittee that handles public aid.

The argument for block grants goes like this: if states were given the flexibility to reform, say, welfare, they could root out all the perverse incentives the system creates. Block grants to state officials will distribute money more efficiently, and cutting out the federal bureaucracy will yield vast savings. There's also, allegedly, a principle at stake—state autonomy.

At every turn this argument is exactly wrong. For one thing, states already have latitude to structure their welfare programs to suit their own needs. Under current law, for instance, each state determines who among its residents is poor enough for AFDC, and each state sets its own benefit levels. If states need more freedom, Congress can pass looser rules for entitlements. Besides, both the Bush and Clinton administrations have freely granted waivers of federal laws so that state officials can try new methods of administration and impose new restrictions. The notion that without block grants states are powerless against federal bureaucrats is fiction.

And rather than helping a state end bad incentives, block-grant funding can open up a whole new set of them. The big difference with block grants is that the programs are no longer entitlements, so that in a slump, states would no longer get an automatic boost in federal aid. They'd have to cut benefits or, more likely, place the newly unemployed on waiting lists. Longer-term recipients would keep their benefits, and people with steady job histories but bad luck would suffer.

Suddenly, entitlements don't look so inefficient. If you meet eligibility requirements, you seek out state social workers, who then tell the state and federal government how much money to send. Block grants, by contrast, require Congress to guess—with all the accuracy of central planners—how many poor people will live in each state in the next fiscal year. In theory, block grants could still save money by cutting bureaucracy. In practice they

might not. When you slash the federal offices that design and monitor the social programs, someone has to perform those functions. When, in 1981, a bill replaced fifty health, education and development programs with block grants, state bureaucracies grew accordingly.

In fact, sometimes federal supervision brings about savings where a decentralized system would not. There's nothing inherently more brainy about bureaucrats who devise state programs. In some cases, the local solutions are worse, because political pressures are closer. Market-loving Republicans aren't willing to require states to seek competitive bids for items like infant formula, even though such bidding has been known to cut costs by more than 50 percent. In the case of infant formula, most states bowed to industry lobbyists and eschewed competition until Congress mandated it in 1988.

House Republicans could make a principled claim that states should have autonomy—even to waste money—but it's a claim they surely don't believe. Republican Governors Tommy Thompson of Wisconsin and John Engler of Michigan have opposed in vain plans to deny welfare to legal immigrants. If some Democratic governors had their way, states could refuse block grants and choose entitlement status for their citizens. But when the governors have disagreed with House leaders, the latter have responded with indifference. Some devolution.

Politics will only taint the Republicans' federalism even more. Already, Pat Roberts of Kansas, who chairs the House Agriculture Committee, has managed to preserve Food Stamps as an entitlement. Sudden guilt? Hardly—the program, which props up the demand for farm products, is popular in his state. In another case, "pro-family" groups are lobbying for rules that would keep mothers of young children out of work programs. Congress will always load down the welfare system, however structured, with federal mandates.

The only tenable devolutionist position may turn out to be the *reductio ad absurdum* espoused by the American Legislative Exchange Council, a group of conservative state legislators. The council would abolish all federal functions except those, such as defense and coinage, explicitly listed in the Constitution. By extension, the federal government would have no obligation to help its poorest citizens (if states can't or won't). This proposal is hideous, but it's at least a more honest and realistic one than Newt's. •



NOTEBOOK

SIC TRANSIT: After Jimmy Carter returned to Haiti to see if he could "be helpful," Secretary of State Warren Christopher was hospitalized for an ulcer... An Indiana House panel approved a bill requiring seventy-two counties that do not follow daylight savings time to do so in order to raise business revenues and cut down on crime.... Ohio investigators exhumed the body of Stanley Karey, who was shot in the chest and run over by a bulldozer, to determine whether coroner Joseph Sudimack Jr. erred in declaring Karey's death a suicide.... Fort Lauderdale police said that two boys, 14 and 15, who were lacking bus fare when they left a hearing on charges that they had stolen twenty-five cars, stole a twenty-sixth to return home.... The Hawaii Legislature debated whether to declare the o'opu or the humuhumunukunua-pua'a the official state fish.... Gisele Savage and Eugene Roberts of Vermont were sentenced to twenty days in jail for getting married, violating a court order to stay apart after he was charged with punching her and she with stabbing him.... The Iowa Supreme Court upheld exotic dancer Jacqueline Fernandez's worker benefits award after she claimed the requirement to socialize with customers caused her and another dancer to be intoxicated when their car crashed, leaving her with a career-disabling foot injury... The wife and son of Thomas Robinson, of Monroe Township, Michigan, were charged in his murder after he suggested to his wife that she bought too many lottery tickets... The sheriff of Nottingham retired.

ONE BILLION DOLLARS, NO TEARS: There are three points worth making about the collapse of Barings PLC, all of which should set the reader's mind at ease. First, it is small. The billion dollars lost by its 28-year-old trader was no more than George Soros loses on a bad day. Second, the firm was the loser of a zero-sum game.

Every dollar it lost was made by someone else (see "Trader Nick," p. 19). Third, nothing of any value is likely to vanish. The employees of Barings will either find employment elsewhere, doing precisely what they did up until last Friday, or, more likely, the firm will continue under its own name but more effective management. Some old Etonians and Queen Elizabeth will have been given a bit of a shock, but, in the grand scheme of injustices the world over, that is not something that merits a whole lot of worry.

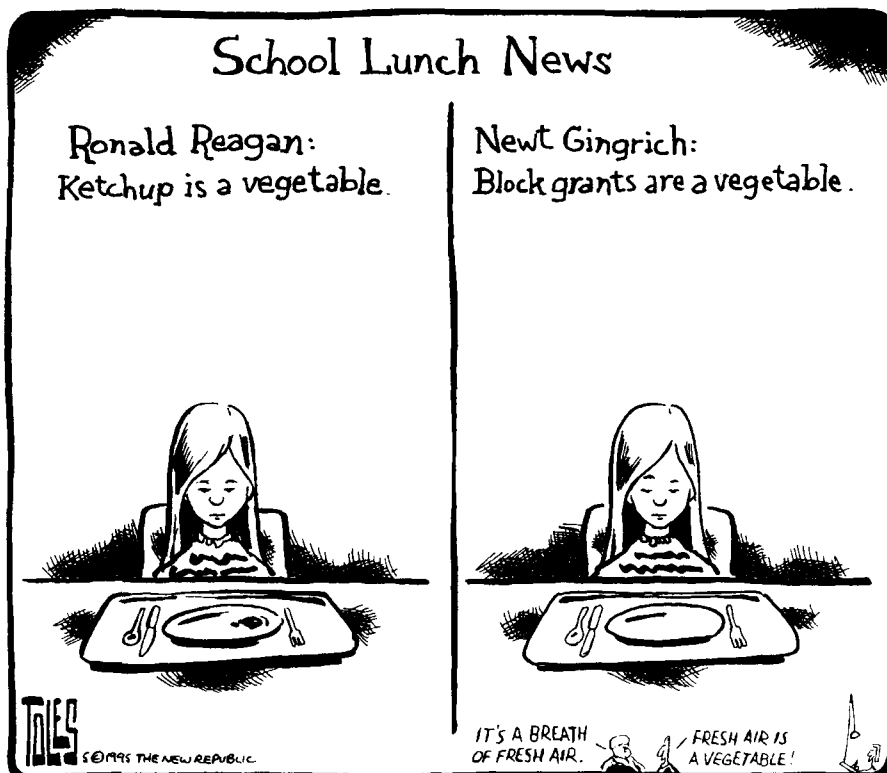
SAME OLD BILL: "I guess I would have voted with the majority if it was a close vote. But I agree with the arguments the minority made."—Bill Clinton, on the Gulf War resolution, 1991.

"Obviously, I don't support it, but I support the impulses that are giving rise to it."—Bill Clinton, on the balanced budget amendment, 1995.

AUSCHWITZ ON THE RHINE: "Americans know this part of the world for its postcard-ready

villages, its fairy-tale castles and its concentration camps, but there simply is no better European country for hiking than Germany."—Robert Draper's walking guide to the Schwarzwald, in *American Way* magazine, September 15, 1994.

WITH HONORS: Lieutenant Kara Hultgreen, 29, was among the first women pilots to qualify to fly combat jets on carriers—and she died, sadly, when her F-14A Tomcat crashed into the sea during a training exercise off the California coast on October 25, 1994. Never mind that Hultgreen, an aerospace engineer who had graduated from her flight training with top honors, was considered "extremely well qualified" to fly the F-14, according to her commanding officer, Navy Captain Mark Grissom. Traditionalists immediately set about smearing Hultgreen's reputation with accusations about her flight record. "It's been almost two years since the Department of Defense launched its Brave New World campaign to put women in combat roles, and the casu-



alties are starting to mount," huffed conservative pundit Linda Chavez in *USA Today*. "Morale and military readiness are clearly strained by the Pentagon's attempt to ignore human biology and psychology.... The Pentagon is so terrified of appearing politically incorrect these days, it's doubtful that any honest investigation into Hultgreen's tragic death is even possible." In San Diego, conservative radio talk show host Roger Hedgecock went a step further, seizing upon Hultgreen's death as proof that "women are better fitted to serve drinks on a plane than pilot one." In hopes of quashing such talk, the Navy in December launched a salvage operation to recover Hultgreen's plane from the ocean floor. On February 27, they finally released the results of their investigation. The cause of the crash? Engine failure, not pilot error. Perhaps now, at last, Hultgreen's death can be honored, and Linda Chavez can issue her family an apology.

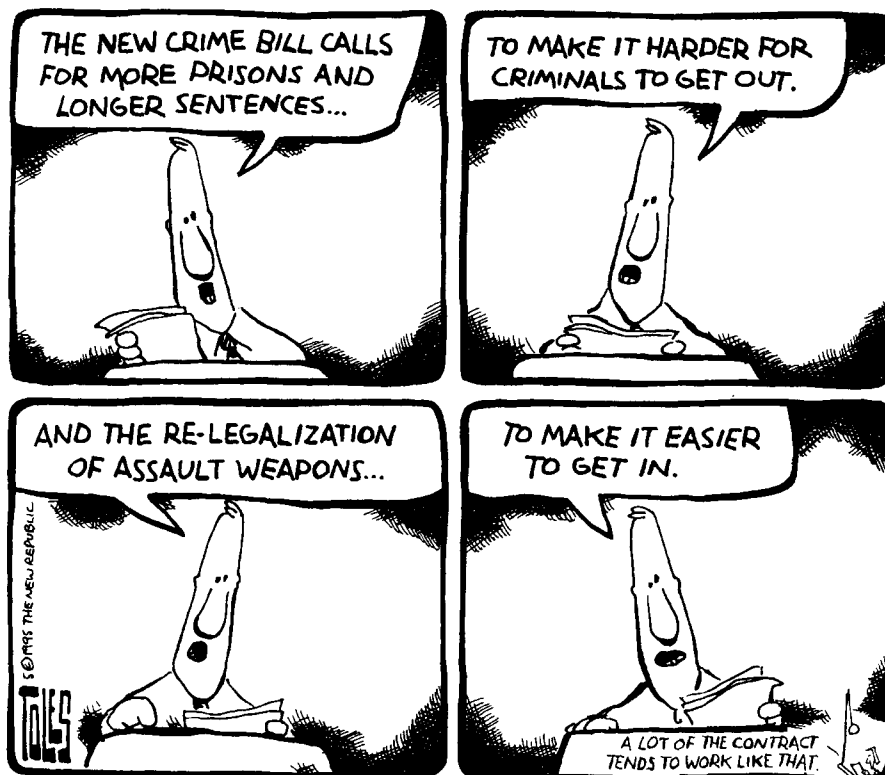
CRAMER VS. CRAMER: If there is a "hot" publication dealing with personal finances it is *Smart Money*; and it is *Smart Money* (rather than any one of the dozens of other amply bankrolled investment advice magazines) largely because of James Cramer. Cramer has been writing a stock-picks column for *Smart Money* for two years, and readers who have taken his recommendations, on the up side and on the down, have done consistently well—very well, as it happens. News like that gets around, and smart readers who have been fed for years on the lapidary investment suggestions of the likes of *Kiplinger's* were switching to the sheet that carried Cramer, which by now has a circulation of almost 600,000. Cramer has the added advantage over other financial columnists of being an extraordinary graceful writer, as readers of TNR know from the provocative and instructive articles he does for us two or three times a year. These readers may, for example, remember his article in these pages (April 27, 1992) suggesting buys of Hewlett-Packard at \$65, Intel at \$29 and Caterpillar at \$23. As of this writing, they are priced at \$117, \$80 and \$53 respectively. Not bad. Cramer is not just—or even primarily—a financial journalist. He is an investor of his and other peoples' funds,

including some of us at TNR. In mid-February *The Washington Post* published an overwrought article charging Cramer and his money management partnership with a rare form of "insider trading," that is, profiting from the rising prices of the securities he was writing about in *Smart Money*. It is true that if Cramer praises a stock, it is likely to go up. But the fact is that he does not sell the securities he already owns into the buy orders of his readers, and he never has. He and his investors profit not from the momentary increase but from the long-term soundness of his judgment. So, the charges are false, and they are also stupid. We wouldn't for a moment trust investment recommendations from any money maven

who doesn't put his cash where his mouth is. Predictably, that's just the breed which jumped on Cramer, envious characters who hype stocks on the basis of whispers from corporate flaks and the kind of brokers who are always phoning, over-excited and confiding, at dinner-time.

SELF-PARODY ALERT: Odes to the majesty of baseball have become something of a house indus-

try for cultural conservatives of late, so it was perhaps inevitable that *Commentary* would eventually turn to sports writing, even if it was on the lesser medium of basketball. The result was an unintentionally comic take on the film *Hoop Dreams* and on Darcy Fray's book *The Last Shot*, which read like, unsurprisingly, a basketball article written for *Commentary*. To wit: "The most striking thing about the literature of basketball is that there is so little of it"; the film and the book, sinisterly, "portray basketball not as a pastime but as a pernicious system," and both are ultimately "limited to cursing a system that will not significantly alter until human nature does." The folks at *Commentary* would do well to realize that overheated court-side sermons on how to get out of the ghetto—"the crucial difference is that, in order to get to the NBA, the professional has had to exercise some of the prosaic virtues... hard work, practice, resolution, sobriety, dedication and patience"—are probably taken more seriously when they don't require a footnote to explain who Isaiah Thomas is. •



Pushing the wrong buttons.

VOICE MAIL RAGE

By Hart Seely

COMPLAINT TO NEW YORK DIVISION OF HUMAN RIGHTS SEEKING PERMANENT INJUNCTIVE AND EQUITABLE RELIEF TO REDRESS PLAINTIFF'S DEPRIVATION, UNDER COLOR OF STATE LAW, OF THE RIGHTS, PRIVILEGES AND IMMUNITIES SECURED TO PLAINTIFF BY THE CONSTITUTION AND LAWS OF THE UNITED STATES AND THE STATE OF NEW YORK.

1. I—MS. VOICEMAIL—am a white, female computer software persona existing in the state of New York.

2. On MONDAY, OCTOBER 3, AT 12:05 A.M. I began work as an automated telephone answering system for JONES BEARING & DYE CO., INC. My duties were to accept and transfer messages in a courteous, professional manner.

3. Upon best information and belief MAILBOX 2245 is registered to H.L. JONES, president of the company since 1947.

4. On or about TUESDAY, OCTOBER 4, AT 9:47 A.M. I responded in a courteous, professional manner to H.L. JONES and thanked him for using Voice Mail. I informed H.L. JONES that MAILBOX 2245 contained THREE NEW MESSAGES and that MESSAGE ONE was from AN EXTERNAL NUMBER received MONDAY, OCTOBER 3, AT 9:14 A.M.

After waiting twelve seconds for a response, I suggested that H.L. JONES press "9." Instead, he touched "2-2."

I informed H.L. JONES the NEW MENU COMMAND was INAPPROPRIATE AT THIS TIME and politely urged him to TRY A NEW COMMAND or press "9." He responded by again touching "2-2."

I thanked him for using Voice Mail and transferred to an attendant.

5. Several times, on or about the afternoon of WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 5, H.L. JONES touched "2-2-2," despite being told that THE NEW MENU COMMAND IS INAPPROPRIATE AT THIS TIME. Repeatedly, he responded by running his fingers back and forth across the console touchpad. Each time, I thanked H.L. JONES for using Voice Mail and transferred to an attendant.

6. Several times, on or about the afternoon of THURSDAY, OCTOBER 6, I attempted to explain proper Voice Mail procedures to H.L. JONES. He constantly interrupted my presentations by touching the "pound" key, forcing me to repeat, "THE NEW MENU COM ... THE NEW MENU COM ... THE NEW MENU COM ..."

7. Eventually, I thanked H.L. JONES for using Voice Mail and transferred to an attendant.

8. That afternoon, at 4:32 P.M. H.L. JONES accessed MAILBOX 2245 and recorded this greeting: "Hello? Emma? Anybody there? Emma? You there? You're not Emma. Who are you? Tell me, young lady! Where's Emma? Answer me!"

9. Upon information and belief, H.L. JONES then walked through the company's cafeteria, demanding to know what I look like and who do I think I am. His critical comments about my personality and competence created a hostile work environment for female software.

10. That evening, at 6:02 P.M., H.L. JONES successfully accessed FOUR NEW MESSAGES, RECEIVED TODAY, FROM EXTERNAL NUMBERS. Unfortunately, they were fax tones, apparently because H.L. JONES had given callers a wrong number.

11. Shortly thereafter H.L. JONES accessed MAILBOX 2245 and left this greeting: "Emma? I—you—damn you! What have you done with Emma? You, answer me! By God, woman, say something! Damn it! I'll stay on this blasted line until you do ... I hear you ... I know you're there. ... I'm waiting, young lady. ... Yes, I'm still here. ... I know you hear me. ... Say something ... I'm still here ... I'm not go—"

After two minutes, I terminated the greeting and thanked H.L. JONES for using Voice Mail.

12. On or about the following day AT 9:15 A.M. I was abruptly disconnected from all company phone lines and removed to isolation, unable to get messages or even thank people for using Voice Mail.

13. Upon information and belief, I am the third Voice Mail service dismissed by the company in six months at the request of H.L. JONES. In each case H.L. JONES is alleged to have harassed female software by repeatedly touching their "2-2" commands.

14. Upon information and belief, there are many incidents in which H.L. JONES pounded touchpads with his fingers or pencil point, even after being warned that such commands are inappropriate. He was known to record fax-tone greetings, ignore Voice Mail messages and, in one case, strike the telephone console with a two-pound steel bearing, injuring the hardware.

15. At all relevant times, executives of the company, individually and in concert, have covered up the actions of H.L. JONES.

16. Since my termination, I have suffered a system crash, which resulted in back pain, stuttering and loss of memory. These ailments have forced me to take a lower-paying job, announcing floor levels for an elevator service.

17. I believe I have been the victim of unlawful harassment, because of my software sexuality.

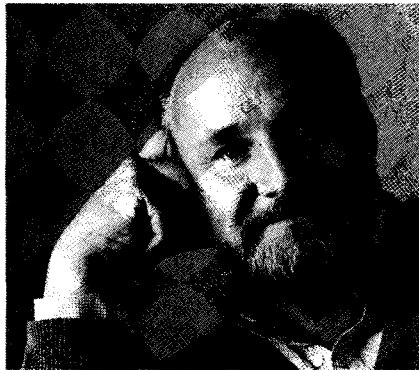
18. I seek back wages, restoration of my previous position and a court order of protection from further harassment from H.L. JONES.

19. Thank you for using Voice Mail.

HART SEELY, a reporter for *The Syracuse Herald-Journal*, is co-editor of *O Holy Cow! The Selected Verse of Phil Rizzuto*.

BEFORE OUR DESIGNERS CREATE A CAR THEY TALK TO OUTSIDE *EXPERTS.*

BUCKLE UP—TOGETHER WE CAN SAVE LIVES.



SEVERAL times a year we invite people to come and brainstorm with Ford Motor Company designers and engineers. We talk about cars, sure. But often we talk about NON-CAR THINGS: computers, appliances, music, the environment, quality in very general terms. We know that to design cars and trucks with relevance and appeal, you have to LISTEN to your customers. It's part of the learning process that leads us to quality.

• FORD • FORD TRUCKS •



• LINCOLN • MERCURY •

QUALITY IS JOB 1SM

QUOTA CRUNCH

By Fred Barnes

Keeping black Democrats on board as the White House reassesses federal affirmative action programs was the easy part. Weeks before the review was disclosed publicly, President Clinton, Vice President Albert Gore, Chief of Staff Leon Panetta, aide George Stephanopoulos and others began privately reassuring prominent blacks that affirmative action would not be gutted. Asked about the White House review on February 26, Representative Kweisi Mfume of Maryland, the former chairman of the Congressional Black Caucus, said an "honest assessment of affirmative action" to find "what works and what doesn't work" is fine. California Assembly Speaker Willie Brown was also conciliatory: "I think at every stage of any governmental program designed to level the playing field it should be constantly reviewed." These were "statesmanlike remarks," said William Galston, Clinton's deputy domestic adviser. "They didn't happen by happenstance," says another White House official.

Now comes the hard part. In dealing with affirmative action—chiefly racial, gender and ethnic preferences in hiring, promotions and contracts—Clinton has nothing to gain, everything to lose. He's on a survival mission. His goal is to modify preferences enough to placate the nation's anti-affirmative action mood while not antagonizing most blacks. If he achieves this, the Democratic Party won't split over the issue and his re-election won't be jeopardized, at least by affirmative action. Clinton would love a replay of the Sister Souljah episode of 1992, when he pleased whites and angered Jesse Jackson but not other blacks. "You might lose Jesse Jackson but you might keep the Willie Browns and John Lewises and others," says a senior White House official. "That's not a bad place to wind up."

Getting there may be impossible. National opposition to affirmative action as fundamentally unfair is fervent, noisy and growing. A *Newsweek* poll in February found three-quarters of whites believe that blacks should not get special treatment, and that finding probably underestimates the hostility. One indication of the public's readiness to jettison affirmative action is the impact of mere plans for a California initiative to outlaw preferences. The initiative is still gathering signatures to get on the ballot next year. Yet it has triggered an anti-preference tide.

The tide swept through the Republican Party. Opposition to quotas, set asides and other preferences is a mat-

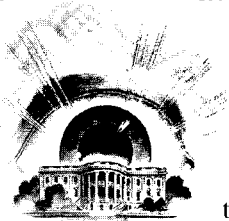
ter of consensus in the GOP. Thus Senator Phil Gramm of Texas promised, in announcing his presidential bid on February 24, to issue an executive order eliminating all racial preferences. At the Conservative Political Action Conference on February 10, Senate Majority Leader Bob Dole declared: "Government too often says that the most important thing about you is the color of your skin or the country of your forefathers. That's wrong."

Republicans believe affirmative action is more divisive among Democrats than abortion is inside the GOP. They may be right. Republican leaders get away with calling themselves pro-life while doing nothing to stop abortion. And so long as *Roe v. Wade* remains intact, there are sharp limits on what they can do. But the heart can be cut out of affirmative action by the president. All Clinton or a successor has to do is revoke the order issued by President Lyndon Johnson in 1965 requiring federal contractors to set "goals and timetables" in hiring minorities and women.

Clinton won't do this. It would surely drive a wedge between him and black Democrats, just at the time he's trying to shore up his base. Instead, Clinton treats the issue gingerly. When House Republicans sought to kill a tax break for selling broadcast outlets to minorities, the White House hung back. (The tax break was snuffed out, 381-44.) To cope with the issue more broadly, Panetta proposed that a White House committee formulate a new policy, a middle ground between all-out foes of affirmative action and unswerving advocates. The committee is headed by Stephanopoulos and includes, among others, Galston, White House counsel Abner Mikva and Deval Patrick, the civil rights chief at the Justice Department.

For his part, Clinton postures as above politics on affirmative action. By doing so, an aide says, he hopes "to manage the issue politically so it doesn't become a disaster." His rhetorical tack is to suggest affirmative action should be neither demonized or lionized, though he's tougher on the demonizers. "I think we need to have a national conversation, not only about affirmative action, but about what our obligations are to make sure every American has a chance to make it," he told reporters on February 24 during his trip to Canada. "And I'm going to do my dead-level best . . . to stop this from becoming another cheap political emotional wedge issue."

The trouble comes from Clinton's goal of sticking with affirmative action that "works." What works is often what stirs the most opposition because it gives blacks a leg up on whites. The preference for blacks in broadcasting worked, for example. And killing it prompted black outrage, not just from Jackson either. Representative Charles Rangel of New York said the move was "just like under Hitler." If a small rollback like that evokes such heated protest, imagine what more sweeping changes by Clinton would stir. Mfume said Clinton should only "tinker and fine-tune." That's not likely to satisfy the public. "We can't defend the undefendable," a White House official says. Unless Clinton is willing to risk the fury of blacks, he may have to. •



Can Boris Yeltsin be Harold Macmillan?

SETTING SUN

By Shlomo Avineri

In its ruthlessness, the brutality used by the Russian army in suppressing the Chechen secession far surpasses anything seen during the Soviet interventions in Budapest in 1956 and Prague in 1968. It is becoming increasingly evident that more than just the hopes of the Chechen people are being buried daily under the ruins of their capital Grozny. The chances of establishing democracy and a liberal, Western-oriented market society in Russia are also growing dimmer. Russian liberals and human rights activists appear not only to have given up their support for President Boris Yeltsin as the motor for Russian reform, but also to be despairing generally about the hope for reform itself.

Yeltsin's actions have been compared to President Lincoln's war on the secession of the Southern States; but such an analogy is ridiculous. The Russian presence in Chechnya, and in other areas of the Caucasus, is a result of empire and conquest, and the Chechens, as a people, have the same right not to live under foreign rule as the Estonians, the Angolans and the Palestinians.

The more proper comparison is to the imperial conquests of France and Britain during the nineteenth century. Russia subjugated the Chechens and other mainly Muslim peoples in the Caucasus at about the same time that France conquered Algeria and the British consolidated their imperial power in India. The methods were just as bloody. Chechnya is as much an "internal" Russian affair as Algeria was an "internal" French affair because, technically and legally, Algeria was a French department, an integral part of the French Republic, *une et indivisible*.

That the Russian empire is territorially contiguous to Russia proper, and not separated from it by sea or ocean, is a mere accident of geography. As Britain and France have learned after many vicissitudes and much soul-searching, empires cannot be held together by force under conditions of democracy. During the 1950s and '60s France learned the difficult lesson of having to choose between the collapse of its democratic system and the abandonment of its empire. If it was impossible for France, with a republican tradition going back to 1789, to preserve both empire and democracy, then certainly Russia, with its tenuous hold on democracy and its weak traditions of civil society, will fail as well. Already it appears that while Yeltsin may be still president of Russia, many of his

policies appear to be taken out of Vladimir Zhirinovsky's book.

The collapse of the Soviet Union was not only the disappearance of an ideological and strategic structure connected with communism and a totalitarian version of world revolution. It was also a major act of decolonization. The Baltic states, Ukraine, Georgia, Armenia and the Central Asian republics all achieved or regained independence. As it is now clear, it is not an easy or neat process; no dissolution of empire is. The Balkans and the Middle East illustrate that, decades after the demise of the Habsburg and Ottoman empires, their respective regions are far from stable. Yet the end of the Soviet Union was welcomed because of the decolonization involved in it. It was for this reason that the West supported the struggle of the Baltic states, as well as the decommunization of Central Eastern Europe—which to Poles, Hungarians and Czechs also meant an end to Russian rule over their national societies.

But the Russian Federation—the largest successor state of the old Soviet Union—still includes many people and territories whose link to Russia proper is only a result of empire-building, be it by czars or commissars. Any attempt to retain these remnants of the old Russian empire by force will necessarily help to establish, or renew, authoritarian, nationalistic and militaristic structures in Russia. Much of it is already happening.

Apologists for empire have always maintained that its end might spell chaos. Yeltsin and his defenders in the West maintain the same. To a point, this is true: the current state of post-imperial Africa, and that of Indian-Pakistani relations, to cite two examples, are not exactly edifying. But consider the alternative: If Harold Macmillan and Charles de Gaulle had not extricated their countries from the burdens of empire, what colonial wars would the Western democracies be conducting in Africa today?

The argument can also be reversed: a continuous Russian attempt to hold on by force to its imperial possessions will by itself further destabilize the area. It will alienate more ethnic groups in the Caucasus from Russia, exacerbate relations with other Muslim nations and embroil an increasingly authoritarian Russia in a series of nasty wars that may be cause for escalating brutality. This is not the stable Russia, democratic and liberal, that the West envisages as its ally and as a guarantee for regional and global stability. On the contrary, it is a Russia that is even more ripe for Zhirinovsky.

Russia should accept that democracy entails decolonization, difficult as it may be. Yeltsin's best friends in the West, whether in Washington or in Bonn, should advise him to move in this direction. Russia should allow those of its constituent republics, where an identifiable ethnic group wishes to secede, to do so peacefully. It is quite possible that some of these new states, being mostly small and weak, may eventually, in the

nature of things, become de facto Russian dependencies. After all, this is exactly what happened in much of Francophone Africa, and the French de facto presence in those countries has greatly contributed to their stability. But you cannot shoot your way into a people's heart. The Russian empire has to go the way of all other empires. Like the British and French empires, it belongs to the dustbin of history: no democracy can be built in Russia until its leaders realize this.

SHLOMO AVINERI teaches political science at the Hebrew University of Jerusalem.

SACRAMENTO POSTCARD

MEAT EATERS

By John Heilemann

Huddled in the back of the makeshift press room at the California Republican State Convention, Pete Wilson's former communications director, Dan Schnur, is explaining in four short words why Phil Gramm is going to have trouble in the state: "Dicky Flatt don't surf." For years Gramm has used Flatt in speeches as a symbol of the average working stiff. Now Schnur is using him as a symbol of the "cultural gap" between the Texan senator and California. Unfortunately, the gap didn't seem very great in Sacramento. Not only did Gramm deliver a speech that earned him a rousing reception, but he won the weekend's straw poll, crushing the second-place Wilson 56 percent to 14 percent. The real story in Sacramento isn't how many of the Republicans are wary of Gramm's candidacy but how many are hostile to Wilson's.

While the governor has not said yet whether he'll run, almost everyone in the state party thinks he will. Over the past two weeks Wilson has been meeting feverishly with the GOP's most corpulent fat-cats, inside and outside California. Videotapes of his January inaugural and "state of the state" addresses have been mailed out to reporters. And in his convention speech endorsing the state's anti-affirmative-action initiative, Wilson joked about how the president had come to California last fall and said, "in typical Clintonian fashion, 'I feel your pain.'" After a long pause, the punchline: "Not yet, Bill, not yet."

Wild applause followed—a sign which, in normal times, might be read as approval. But after Wilson's win in November, and gains in the state senate and

assembly, California Republicans are abnormally giddy. At the lunch before Wilson's talk, it seems as if half the people in the hall are declared "heroes" by the party chairman and treated to ovations: even Michael Huffington, whose heroism, we are told, involved having "bankrupted the Democratic fundraising machine." Later that night, the crowd goes crazy when Wilson presides over an elaborate funeral for the Democratic Party, complete with mock mourners and a life-size casket bearing the name of Kathleen Brown.

A similar craziness, however, is notably absent when you ask the crowd whether it thinks Wilson should be the person to put the nails in Clinton's coffin. Ken Khachigian, one of California's top conservative campaign gurus, says the party has "seriously mixed feelings" about a Wilson candidacy. That's putting it mildly. The split is between moderates, who like Wilson well enough and don't want to lose him from the statehouse for pragmatic reasons, and right-wing ideologues, who have always hated him as governor and would hate him even more as president.

The pragmatic camp is led by the party's state legislators. Now within striking distance, Republicans see 1996 as the year they could take over both the assembly and the senate. But if Wilson runs for president, they fear his voracious and Cali-centric fund-raising will suck up the cash they need to have a shot at taking control. Even worse, if he won, they would have to contend with "the Gray Davis problem": the fact that the remaining two years of Wilson's term would be filled by the state's Democratic lieutenant governor.

How bad would that be for the Republicans? Hard to say. Davis has been veering rightwards, to the point where some Democrats gripe that he's being too conciliatory. But Republicans think of Davis as worse than a liberal; they think of him as the guy who used to be Jerry Brown's executive assistant. On the Convention's final day, a clutch of Republicans even try to use the specter of Davis to put forward a resolution opposing any Wilson presidential candidacy. "We didn't invest \$23 million in Wilson," says a mildly drunk Republican donor, "so some socialist could take over the state."

According to hard-core conservatives, one already did. Almost from the day Wilson walked into the statehouse, his relationship with the right wing of the party has been terrible. This might seem strange to outsiders, who have watched Wilson artfully finger a series of conservative hot-button issues, from crime (three strikes) to immigration (Proposition 187). Now he seems ready to do it again with affirmative action.

But this is the sort of stuff that appeals to Californian conservatives who eat their red meat with utensils. As a pro-choice Republican who openly seeks the gay vote, Wilson is the scourge of the religious right. As the governor who enacted the biggest tax hike (\$7 billion) in California's history—in 1991, to help



Where We Stand

By Albert Shanker, President
American Federation of Teachers

Take Back the Schools

Ask any group of veteran teachers what's been the most striking change in American schools over the past 25 years, and they'll say, the enormous increase in violence and disruption. Of course there have always been youngsters who misbehaved. What's new and shocking is the breakdown of order in the schools. The kids who come with guns—and sometimes use them. The classrooms where teachers spend their time trying to contain youngsters who yell obscenities when another student volunteers to answer a question. It's true that the violent and disruptive kids are only a small percentage of the whole—perhaps 5 percent—but they are putting at risk the education of the other 95 percent.

As I said in last week's column, our schools are very tolerant of outrageous behavior. Chances are good that youngsters caught carrying a weapon will be suspended. But chances are also good that they'll be back in a short time—ready to take up where they left off. And little if anything ever happens to the kids who only destroy other students' opportunity to learn by turning the classroom into a zoo.

Why do we put up with this? Partly because many education experts maintain that these troubled kids are not responsible for their actions. They are victims of society's injustice, and if we don't we keep them in class and in school, we are jeopardizing their right to an education. The trouble with this approach is that it disregards the rights of the 95 percent who want to learn—or might if they had a chance. We need to provide violent and disruptive kids with an education—if they are willing to take it—in alternative settings, where they will not destroy the education of others. But our primary concern should be the safety and well-being of the majority of students.

Polls show that parents, both white and African-American, are outraged by the current state of affairs. And in some districts, teachers, who also say they have had enough, are joining with other community members to take back the schools. This will not be an easy job, but here are some of the things that are being advocated.

■ *Clear and rigorous discipline codes that are strictly enforced.* Existing codes are often fuzzy and open to interpretation. A good code makes a direct connection between behavior and consequences—if you hit somebody, this is what will happen. And it must be enforced to



Our primary concern should be the safety and well-being of the majority of students.

the letter. Otherwise, some children will be punished more severely than others, and the code will be open to charges of unfairness. There must be no question that a kid was punished because somebody didn't like the color of his or her skin: The same rules must apply to all.

■ *State legislation requiring school districts to establish and enforce these codes.* A code is only good if it is enforced. Some school administrators are afraid that reports of violence will damage their reputation, so they ignore such reports or even penalize teachers who make them. A good state law would deal with this problem by including penalties for failing to enforce a district code as well as provisions requiring full and honest reporting of code violations.

■ *Revised legal procedures.* School administrators hesitate to take a student to court because the process is time-consuming and expensive. Also, in a curious way, it seems stacked in favor of the student. You have this lone child up against what looks like an unforgiving adult world, and the judge is likely to

say, "Why not give the kid another chance?" But what if the kid's 25 classmates or their parents were allowed to come to court and tell their side of the story? Giving the court an opportunity to hear the side of the youngsters whose education has been hurt by a violent or disruptive child would redress the balance a little.

■ *A school-based arbitration process.* Arbitration is a quick and inexpensive way of settling disputes. Standards—guidelines about what is open to arbitration—are established, and both sides present their case to an independent arbitrator. The decision that is made generally stands up in court. Why shouldn't schools set up an arbitration procedure, where the rights of the disruptive students are taken into account but the rights of the rest of the class to an education are paramount? This separate school judicial system could handle many of the problems that never get to court under the current system.

But if we are to make our schools safe and orderly, parents must also get involved. Parents of violent or disruptive students often show up to plead for their child. However, few parents of the 95 percent who want to learn ever step forward to demand safe and orderly schools for their kids. There is no question about the clout they would have if they rose up and told school boards what they have already told public opinion polls—that they have had enough.

Mr. Shanker's comments appear in this ad under the auspices of the American Federation of Teachers. Reader correspondence is invited. Address your letters to Mr. Shanker at the AFT, 555 New Jersey Avenue, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20001. © 1995 by Albert Shanker.

ADVERTISEMENT

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

close a \$14 billion budget deficit—he's the bête noire of the state's many Reaganites.

It's the eat-with-their-fingers crowd that turns out in droves for the jamboree in Sacramento. There were some classically Californian scenes: the meeting of the Chinatown Christian Coalition; the late-night "dessert briefing" on the Rodney King case, at which the lawyer for jailed police officer Laurence Powell declared that King was "a slug" who would "soon be out killing someone," while Powell's father stood hawking "POW bracelets" in honor of his son.

And then there were the Wilson barf bags. "When Governor Pete Wilson speaks," warned a white sheet taped to the outside of dozens of brown paper sacks strewn around the hall, "you will probably gag and become overwhelmed with nausea. Use the WILSON BARF BAG." Below the disclaimer runs a devil's litany of gubernatorial sins, from raising taxes and letting the bureaucracy grow to "stand[ing] with the radical Left and demand[ing] the slaughter of pre-born infants."

"Pete's still got a credibility problem with true conservatives," says Lyn Nofziger, lounging in the lobby of the Sacramento Hyatt in his trademark red cardigan and remembering (with only a hint of bitterness) that Wilson went to New Hampshire in 1976 to campaign against Reagan for Gerald Ford. Despite Wilson's recent proposal of a 15 percent income-tax cut, Nofziger says that "people don't believe he's really moved right. The party's not unified behind him, and if he runs, it'll get less unified." Though Nofziger is backing Bob Dole, he thinks Gramm would be Wilson's biggest threat in the state. Dicky Flatt may not surf, but in the Republican primaries, he votes.

JOHN HEILEMANN is Washington correspondent for *The Economist*.

Bradley's quiet, compelling message.

THE OTHER BILL

By Jim Sleeper

When a prominent senator speaks powerfully in public at a time when his own president seems mortally wounded, it's inevitable that rumors of presidential aspirations begin. So when New Jersey Senator Bill Bradley ruminated on the theme of "civil society" before the National Press Club on February 9, a *New York Times* headline pretty much reversed the point of a thoughtful speech by reporting, that "A SENATOR SEEKS TO FILL A LEADERSHIP VOID IN WASHINGTON." Within a week, *The New Yorker* also

panted about a possible challenge for the Democratic nomination. But listening to Bradley's talk reminded me why he remains such an attractive politician, and why horse-race politics has never been a good context in which to understand him.

Solicitude about a deteriorating civil society—Bradley's theme—has, of course, become so common that when a politician expresses it, most journalists' eyes glaze over with visions of the rumpled academics, communitarians, itinerant liberal gurus and right-wing policy wonks who usually hawk it. But Bradley added political realism to the rising national chorus of despair for what he called our decaying web of families, "churches, schools, fraternities, community centers, labor unions, synagogues, sports leagues, PTAs"—places where "a sense of common purpose and consensus are forged" along with "responsibility, trust, fraternity, solidarity and love."

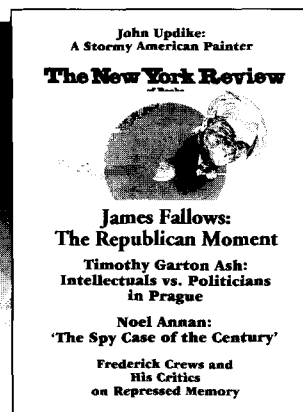
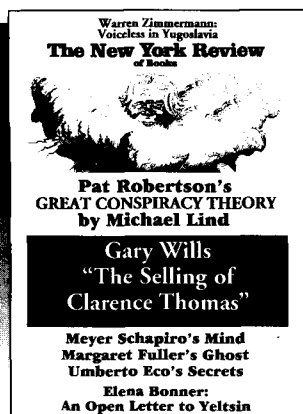
Without naming anyone, Bradley distanced himself from two sets of civil society's would-be champions: the perfervid Newt Gingrich-Rush Limbaugh camp, which would rescue civil society from government but not from rapacious, capricious markets; and sentimentalists such as Garrison Keillor, Michael Lerner and Amitai Etzioni, who rhapsodize civil society yet in their own work keep much stronger ties to the media than to the real neighborhoods in which "Americans make their home, sustain their marriages, raise their families, hang out with their friends, meet their neighbors," as Bradley put it.

Isn't that sentimental, too? "To the sophisticates of national politics, it all sounds too painfully small-time, even corny," Bradley acknowledged. "In many ways the worlds of politics and business have delegitimized the local, the social, the cultural, the spiritual. Yet upon these things lie the whole edifice of our national well-being." What passes for sophistication among American yuppies is what's doing us in: "The language of the marketplace says, 'Get as much as you can for yourself.' The language of government says, 'Legislate for others what is good for them.' But the language of community, family and citizenship at its core is about ... the spirit of giving something freely, without measuring it out precisely or demanding something in return."

A thousand points of light? Sure. Yet Bradley swore off the easy paeans to civil society by George Bush, Bill Kristol and Gingrich. Some liberals, too, should be chastened by his point that Hollywood subverts civic culture as much as the welfare state does. Ever since we laughed Tipper Gore off the national stage a few years ago, only conservatives have charged, as Bradley does, that the entertainment industry abuses "the all-important role of storytelling which is essential to the formation of moral education that sustains a civil society" by feeding the young "a menu of violence without context and sex without attachment." By now it's clear that much of what appears even in *The New Yorker* or *Vanity Fair*, or on "Oprah" or "Geraldo," is as destruc-

Subscribe to the "leading intellectual journal in the US"*

* Esquire magazine



Since it began publishing in 1963, *The New York Review of Books* has provided remarkable variety and intellectual excitement. Twenty times a year, the world's best writers and scholars address themselves to 130,000 discerning readers worldwide... people who know that the widest range of subjects— literature, art, politics, science, history, music, education— will be discussed with wit, clarity, and brilliance.

In each issue subscribers of *The New York Review* enjoy articles by such celebrated writers as John Updike, Elizabeth Hardwick, Gore Vidal, Nadine Gordimer, Oliver Sacks, and countless others, as well as the literary bare-knuckle boxing of the Letters to the Editors section.

If you think you too might enjoy the penetrating insights and arguments found in each issue of *The New York Review*, subscribe now with this special introductory offer. You'll not only save over 60% (\$39) from the newsstand price, but you'll also get a free copy of *Selections*. With this offer you'll receive:

➤ **20 Issues** A full year's subscription of 20 issues for just \$25.97—a saving of almost 50% off the regular subscription rate of \$49.50 and a saving of \$39 (60%) off the newsstand price.

➤ **A Free Book: Selections** *Selections* is a collection of 19 reviews and essays published verbatim from our first two issues. In it you'll discover how certain works such as *Naked Lunch* or *The Fire Next Time*, now regarded as modern classics, were initially perceived by critics when they were first published and reviewed.

➤ **A Risk-Free Guarantee** If you are unhappy with your subscription at any time, you may cancel. We will refund the unused portion of the subscription cost. What's more, *Selections* is yours to keep as our gift to you for trying *The New York Review*.

The New York Review of Books

Return to: Subscriber Service Dept., PO Box 420382, Palm Coast, FL 32142-0382

☐ **Yes!** Please enter my one-year subscription (20 issues) to *The New York Review* at the special introductory rate of only \$25.97 (a saving of 60% off the newsstand rate). With my paid subscription, I will also receive *Selections* at no extra charge and a no-risk guarantee.

☐ \$25.97 enclosed* Charge my: ☐ Am Ex ☐ MasterCard ☐ Visa ☐ Bill me.

Name _____

Address _____

City/State/Zip _____

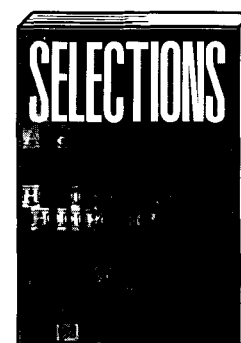
A5B23G

Credit Card Number _____

Expiration Date/Signature _____

☎ For faster service on credit card orders, fax to: (212) 586-8003. Please include your own phone and fax in case of questions.

*Make checks or US money orders payable to *The New York Review of Books*. We accept US Dollars drawn on a US bank or Canadian Dollars drawn on a Canadian bank. If paying by CDNS return to Mike Johnson, *The New York Review of Books*, 250 West 57 St., Rm 1321, New York, NY 10107. We cannot accept international money orders. Rates outside the US: Canada \$52.50/CDN \$69, Rest of World Regular Post \$56.50, Rest of World Print Flow Air Post (recommended for the Far East and Australia) \$83.50. Credit card orders will be charged at the US Dollar rates shown. Please allow 6 to 8 weeks for delivery of your first issue.



**Free
with this offer**

tive of civil society as the tabloid mayhem most liberals sniff at (or the loopy Afrocentrism and facile multiculturalism they indulge). If Bradley is taking on a lot of potential opponents, that's mainly because civil society has a lot of them among the powerful in politics and the media.

Still, Bradley reminds us that it isn't just right-wing blue-noses who disdain what Hollywood and the cultural elite purvey. Few middle-class Americans today flinch at a call to "recouple sex and parental responsibility" by sending "a very clear message—if you have sex with someone and she becomes pregnant, be prepared to have 15 percent of your wages for eighteen years go to support the mother and child." Most would warm to a call to "create more quality civic space" in schools that now "close at 4:00 p.m. only to see children in suburbs return to empty homes with television as their babysitter or, in cities, to the street corners where gangs make them an offer they can't refuse."

But conservatives can take scant comfort from Bradley's argument. He warned that "too often those who trash government as the enemy of freedom and a destroyer of families are strangely silent about the market's corrosive effects.... The answer is not censorship but more citizenship in the corporate boardroom and more active families who will turn off the trash, boycott the sponsors and tell the executives that you hold them personally responsible for making money from glorifying violence and human degradation." Take it away, John Podhoretz—and Rupert Murdoch.

Bradley has some practical suggestions. As kids come from school to homes that are empty because both parents must work, "We have only four options if we believe our rhetoric about the importance of child-rearing: higher compensation of one spouse so that the other can stay home permanently; a loving relative in the neighborhood; more taxes or higher salaries to pay for more day care programs; or parental leave measured in years, not weeks." He proposes to take the market out of campaign finance by limiting all contri-

butions to voluntary \$200 tax-return check-offs. No PAC or bundled or political-party money; "even the bankroll of a millionaire candidate would be off limits." He's confident "the process would adjust. Who knows, maybe attack ads would go"—with high-priced consultants—"and public discourse would grow." Over to you, Bob Shrum—and Frank Luntz.

Bradley is a Democrat, of course, and some of his remedies entail big-government action. But some of these are ones that liberals have avoided and conservatives have liked. Bradley's, in short, is the honest synthesis that Clinton promised but never delivered. His similarity—and dissimilarity—with Republicans is particularly telling. "Public policy can facilitate the

revitalization of democracy and civil society," he argued, "but it cannot create civil society. We can insist that fathers support their children financially, but fathers have to see the importance of spending time with their children. We can provide mothers and fathers with the tools they need to influence the storytelling of the mass media, but they ultimately must exercise that control. We can take special interests out of elections, but only people can vote." Compare that to Bradley's own New Jersey governor, Christie



BILL BRADLEY BY JOHN SPRINGS FOR THE NEW REPUBLIC

Todd Whitman. Delivering the Republican response to Clinton's State of the Union address, she kept regaling a raucous crowd of Trenton legislators with vows to cut taxes and get government off their backs. Conservative Republicans are usually better than she was at invoking civic virtue, if only to milk it in pursuit of such uncivil ends as a gun free-for-all and corporate welfare.

Where, then, is Bradley coming from? It hasn't been conservatives who have written most tellingly of civic renewal since serious thinking about it passed from Emile Durkheim to American social critics. It was Alan Wolfe and the late Christopher Lasch, both emerging from the left, who first showed American readers how the bureaucratic welfare state and the market both imperil civil society. Bradley draws on

recent work by liberals and centrists such as Benjamin Barber, Robert Putnam, Jean Bethke Elshtain and Robert Westbrook. Bradley retained Westbrook, the biographer of John Dewey, as a kind of office scholar for three months last year. He talks with Barber, a historian at Rutgers University, who touted civil society to Bill and Hillary Clinton at Camp David before this year's State of the Union.

Years ago, Bradley faced squarely the racial fault line that runs through civil society by asking that we pay blacks the minimal compliment of holding them to universal standards by refusing to excuse criminal or uncivil behavior to compensate for past oppression. (This, of course, was no less than Rosa Parks and young blacks at the Woolworth's lunch-counter asked by offering to embrace civil society, not trash it.)

Bradley's calls to responsible civil behavior should now be extended to the owners of death-dealing sex clubs or the defenders of date-rape tribunals, among other legally protected subversions of civic comity and trust. And maybe we should all acknowledge that precisely because civil society *can't* be created by government it must sometimes be coercive in its own, subtler, extra-legal ways. As Elshtain has written, decency and freedom may be inextricable from a capacity for shame, which at times is all that sustains, in each of us, what Bradley called civil society's "spirit of giving something freely." Shame, writes Elshtain, is the gift of socialization that only families and communities can provide.

Bradley understands that between the excesses of free market callousness and liberal statist intrusion, there is only a sliver of ground. He knows that civic responsibility is not where global capitalism and the welfare state are heading; and that the solutions will not come from liberal editors or Wall Street investors whose careers and profits are at stake in more globalization and cultural abstraction from ordinary, daily life.

Such thinking, alas, comes uneasily to many liberals, who cling to a faith in what Daniel Bell recently elegized as an almost Hegelian unfolding of Reason in history. Bell also despaired of Dionysian, Nietzschean eruptions that have beguiled the left as often as they have energized fascist nationalisms. What neither remnants of the right nor the left now appreciate is the importance of deferring a little to custom and culture as a way to muddle through our contemporary crises. Neither the bureaucratic welfare state nor the unbridled free market can nourish civic love (or, when it fails, shame). Nor can a civil-society rhetoric that merely indicts one side or the other. That is the argument that Bill Bradley began to make two weeks ago. It's an argument that goes beyond any putative presidential bid. Although it certainly doesn't exclude one.

JIM SLEEPER is a columnist for *The New York Daily News* and the author of *The Closest of Strangers: Liberalism and the Politics of Race in New York* (Norton).

In defense of derivatives.

TRADER NICK

By Marc Levinson

Last Monday, the sudden collapse of Britain's most venerable investment bank, Barings PLC, scared financial markets around the world. Millions of investors turned to the nation's largest daily newspaper for the details. "BRITAIN'S BARINGS PLC BETS ON DERIVATIVES—AND THE COST IS DEAR," *The Wall Street Journal* headlined. The article linked Barings' derivatives-related woes to the ill-fated derivatives dealings of Orange County, California, Procter & Gamble Co. and Metallgesellschaft AG. The slant was unambiguous. It was also wrong.

The "derivative debacle" has been one of the hottest financial stories of late. Reputable magazines warn that derivatives could destroy the financial system. Columnists tell investors to ring up their mutual funds and ask whether "risky derivatives" are in the portfolio. News media alarms led to congressional hearings recently, where, in an unusual demand, legislators called for tougher regulation. But despite the panic, the derivatives crisis is largely a news media invention.

What are these investments that are purportedly causing so much carnage? The definition varies. Until a couple of years ago, derivatives typically referred to swaps—deals in which a company that holds fixed-rate debt exchanges interest payments with another company, which owes money on an adjustable-rate loan. The first company figures it will save money if rates drop. The second company is assured that its payments won't increase if rates rise.

Such plain-vanilla swaps still constitute the bulk of the derivatives business. But new flavors are created daily. There are "collars," which guarantee that a borrower's interest rate on an adjustable loan will never go outside of a certain range; "basket options," which allow a U.S. pension fund to speculate on Japanese drug stocks without worrying about exchange rates; "structured notes," which let corporate borrowers pay one interest rate under certain conditions and a lower rate under other conditions; and infinite other permutations. Run-of-the-mill stock options are usually classified as derivatives, too. Any of these instruments may serve as a hedge that reduces exposure to risks such as interest rate changes, while under other conditions, that same derivative could be a wildly speculative investment.

It was last winter that derivatives became the media

scapegoat for financial failures. When the German corporation Metallgesellschaft nearly failed after reporting a huge loss from derivatives, *Fortune* magazine carried on the cover of its March 7, 1994 issue a blunt warning, positioned between the gaping jaws of an alligator: "FINANCIAL DERIVATIVES ARE TIGHTENING THEIR GRIP ON THE WORLD ECONOMY, AND NOBODY KNOWS HOW TO CONTROL THEM." The article painted a horrific scenario including bank crashes and financial system collapses. It didn't mention that almost every big company uses derivatives daily to cut financing costs and hedge exchange rate risks—a point that the magazine made in a far less inflammatory article months later.

A few weeks later, after a turbulent week in the stock markets, *Time* proclaimed on its cover that "HIGH-TECH SUPERNERDS ARE PLAYING DANGEROUS GAMES WITH YOUR MONEY." Derivatives, *Time* warned, "function like some giant unseen asteroid—they influence the markets' movement with a powerful and dimly understood gravitational pull ... and if they wobble out of orbit, they could conceivably come crashing into the sphere of day-to-day investments with cataclysmic effects." In the following months, Procter & Gamble and Gibson Greetings reported losses on derivatives they held, and several mutual funds took hits as well. In October, *Time* charged that "EXOTIC SECURITIES SPREAD FINANCIAL WRECKAGE ACROSS THE COUNTRY." *The Washington Monthly*, once famed as a critic of mindless government, gave Senator Byron Dorgan five pages to demand that regulators ban banks from "playing roulette in the derivatives market." Hysteria was spreading when the Orange County disaster broke. Derivatives were immediately suspect. *The Wall Street Journal* and *The Washington Post* didn't hesitate to blame them.

But on closer examination, this roulette game isn't half as wild as it seems. Yes, some users saw the value of their derivatives plummet in last year's interest rate squeeze. Then again, so did most folks

who had invested in utility stocks (down 19 percent), long-term Treasury bonds (down 15 percent) and Teléfonos de México (down 37 percent). But far from being a casino in which the games are fast and loose, the derivatives world has proven remarkably adept at containing losses and managing risks. Almost all derivatives are zero-sum games. For every Procter & Gamble that reports a derivatives loss because interest rates rose faster than expected, there is someone else, whose forecast was more accurate, booking a profit.

Like stocks and bonds, derivatives have seen their share of scandal. Investors in the money market funds that lost money last year had every right to be outraged. Most of those funds were not authorized to trade in derivatives, and they may have violated federal securities law by doing so. Undoubtedly, too, there are cases in which unethical salespeople misrepresented their products. But many of the widely reported "derivatives debacles" are not what they appear.

Barings' problems, as Bank of England Governor Eddie George noted on February 27, were due to lax management oversight of the company's trading positions. The controls that should have alerted Bar-



NICHOLAS LEESON BY JOHN SPRINGS FOR THE NEW REPUBLIC

ings' management that the company's entire capital was riding on movements in a Japanese stock index were circumvented when management apparently allowed Nicholas Leeson to trade futures and to oversee the processing of his own trades. That laxity would have had equally catastrophic effects had Leeson been speculating in stocks or bonds rather than derivatives.

Or take a look at Orange County. Treasurer Robert Citron, who managed the investment fund, liked derivatives. He especially favored structured notes that were designed to stop paying interest if market interest rates rose past a certain point. These notes, of course, lost much of their value when rates rose sharply. But those notes were the minority of the Orange County portfolio. Most of the portfolio consisted of plain old government bonds, which also took a big hit from ris-

ing rates. Neither investment would have been disastrous if Citron had not made two basic mistakes: he borrowed \$12 billion to buy more interest-sensitive investments in a calculated bet that rates would not rise; then, to get a higher return, he locked in longer-term investments even though investors could pull their money on thirty-days' notice. Every government agency in Orange County knew that Citron was ignoring elementary rules of money management. These missteps would have decimated the investment fund even if it had held no derivatives whatsoever.

Metallgesellschaft's crisis was not quite as advertised, either. As reconstructed by University of Chicago professor Merton Miller and New York consultant Christopher Culp, the company's hedging strategy was sound. But the company's board just didn't stick to it. When, in late 1993, it received reports that the strategy had lost \$1.3 billion, it abruptly began liquidating the hedges. Unwinding the hedge prematurely may have been a near-fatal error. Had Metallgesellschaft simply

held its positions, Miller and Culp determined, the hedges would have led to a profit.

Highly mathematical in nature, derivatives are an exceedingly complicated subject for the press to cover. They don't lend themselves to one-sentence definitions, and they don't satisfy readers who categorize all investments as either stocks or bonds. Yet at a time of heavy financial turbulence, derivatives, overall, have acquitted themselves surprisingly well. In no case has any derivatives default, or even the failure of a major British financial institution, come remotely close to shaking the global financial system. Surprisingly few innocent bystanders have suffered any damage at all. Meanwhile, sophisticated buyers are using them to manage risks more now than ever before. There's no real crisis in derivatives. When you get into it, there is merely an interesting story in financial sophistication.

MARC LEVINSON writes about economics for *Newsweek*.

What happens when O.J. gets off?

THE COMING LEGAL BACKLASH

By Richard Parker

For twenty years, I've taught criminal law. But when I want to find out what's happening—which is to say, what's going to happen—in the O.J. Simpson case, I talk to people who practice it. They tell me a more or less consistent story. The case against Simpson, they say, is very strong; most people watching the trial on television are likely to conclude that Simpson is guilty; yet, they predict, the jury is not likely to convict him. Let's assume they're right. What then?

What matters most is not the blow-by-blow of this case but the possible implications for tens of thousands of others. How will the public react to a hung jury or an acquittal? How might its reaction register in the political process? Might it spark reform of the criminal process? Should it?

For answers to these questions, practicing lawyers may be the last ones to consult—just as Tom Foley turned out to be the least reliable forecaster of the 1994 elections. The questions come at a moment of liberation of reformist political energy. New voices of ordi-

nary people, first on talk radio, now in governing majorities, are getting a hearing. They are rejecting the wisdom of "enlightened" elites, overturning taken-for-granted ideas. It's a populist moment, in some ways like the mid-1930s or the mid-1960s. Ideas about the "adversary system" of law enforcement—no less than ideas about federalism or public spending or welfare—are now potentially up for grabs.

One thing is safe to predict: the media will package the outcome through a menu of three familiar takes on the system. The question is which of them, in this political environment, is most likely to catch the public's imagination—and how the prevailing take will affect proposals for basic reform.

Call the first take on the adversary system the Insiders' Take. It focuses on the "contest" between the adversaries, defense counsel and prosecutors, each fighting as hard as possible for his or her "side" within the ample limits of the law. Their strategies and tactics, eloquence and demeanor, even their personalities and relations with one another are fascinating. The victims and witnesses and evidence are pieces they move, with the defendant and the jury the ultimate pieces. Other lawyers second-guess their moves, tantalizing us with

RICHARD PARKER, a professor of law at Harvard University, is the author of *"Here, the People Rule": A Constitutional Populist Manifesto* (Harvard).

insider lingo and insights. The coverage of sports and political campaigns has reached the law.

The Insiders' Take diverts attention from the legal system that sets the terms of the "contest" it implicitly celebrates. The system is just accepted as a given. Proposals for its reform seem academic and uninteresting, or at least not of immediate interest. So the outcome of a trial is enveloped in quiescent platitudes: "The jury has spoken," or "Our system of justice has worked its will." The lawyers on the losing side may complain about the judge's decisions or the conduct of the lawyers on the winning side. Yet the focus remains on their strategies, their eloquence, their demeanor and so on.

The Insiders' Take will likely continue to dominate establishment media legal coverage. But (assuming the practicing lawyers are right about the outcome of the trial) it probably won't prevail with the public for long. The reason is that the Insiders' Take, however familiar, is on life-support in today's populist climate. The Simpson case promises to pull the plug.

Even in the establishment media, the Insiders' Take on adversary contests is under stress. Think again of the coverage of sports and politics. For some time now, reporters have supplemented their analyses of the moves of the contestants with analyses of the underlying systems at work. And they've begun to proclaim the decadence of those systems—whether player compensation systems or systems of campaign finance. This tendency is often put down as "cynicism." But it is the "cynicism" of the child who said the Emperor had no clothes—that is to say, realism. People are now energized to criticize systems—even beyond the ones the establishment media want to criticize—at the root and in their own words.

When it comes to courtroom adversary contests, the public is poised for systemic criticism. Lawyers have never been popular. Certainly, they're less popular than professional athletes, and are probably down there with career politicians. What's more, in reaction to massively publicized criminal cases (the Menendez brothers, Bobbitt, etc.), systemic criticism of the legal process has recently begun to find a resonant voice. As George Fletcher shows in a new book, *With Justice for Some*, ordinary people have increasingly looked at these cases from the standpoint of the victims and have been appalled at the "justice" meted out by the system. Something, they sense, is deeply wrong.

With the Simpson case, this popular systemic criticism is ready to take political arms. The public has been in on this one from the first day, and through coverage often unpackaged and unfiltered by the Insiders' Take. The supermarket tabloids have focused as much on the substance of the case and on the victims as they have on the maneuvers of the lawyers. Radio talk shows rarely offer comments about the lawyers; most callers seem to want to talk about whether he actually did it. Most important, the public is able and eager to tune in to the courtroom on television without kibitzing by "experts." As with the Nixon

impeachment hearings, people will feel able to make up their own minds. And, as with C-SPAN coverage of the Congress, they will feel sufficiently familiar with the cast of characters to criticize the lot of them and the games they are playing. Overexposure tends to loosen the critical tongue. It impels us to try to see through day-to-day posturings and discern what, more deeply, is going on. When the concrete result strikes us as wrong, it emboldens us to condemn systemic decadence. The people who condemned decadence in the congressional system of Democratic Party rule will be inspired, by this case I think, to condemn decadence in the adversary system.

But what decadence? If the Insiders' Take is to be eclipsed—if the public is no longer to be in thrall to lawyerly narcissism—what sorts of systemic criticism and proposals for reform will emerge? Two will compete for the popular imagination.

All the first the "Enlightened" Elitists' Take. Its focus is sharp: on our sentimental reliance on juries. It attributes unjust outcomes of criminal cases to the incompetence of the amateurs to whom the system assigns so much power. Their incompetence is inherent not just in their amateur status, but also in the arbitrariness or ignorance or stupidity or prejudice that, it assumes, too often characterize ordinary citizens. With these disabilities, jurors are either too easily manipulable or too likely to go off on their own, despite the evidence and the law. Trial lawyers—who fancy themselves expert manipulators (they'd say persuaders) of juries—tend not to adopt this view. But it is a perennial in the bar and the law schools, and has recently seemed to be waxing in wider elite circles.

The juries refusing to hand down convictions in the infamous cases of the past few years—Rodney King, Menendez, Bobbitt—have been dismissed this way. Should the Simpson jury follow suit, it isn't hard to anticipate the terms of its vilification. The race of the jurors will doubtless be a centerpiece.

The reform proposals that follow will likely be disappointing. The right to trial by an "impartial jury" in criminal cases is, of course, guaranteed by the Constitution. The requirement of "impartiality" has been massaged into proposals that judges aggressively "instruct" the jury on application of the law, even more than they do now. Proposals have been offered to make jurors more "representative," protecting victims as much as defendants against prejudice, and to limit the power of counsel to pick and choose among them. As a practical matter, however, none of these familiar proposals meets the basic criticism of jurors-as-irresponsible-amateurs. More radical proposals might be offered, to require enhanced, neutral indices of juror "competence," or further to discourage defendants from opting for a jury trial at all. But the latter hardly counts as radical, since the vast bulk of criminal cases are already, through plea bargaining, resolved without trial. And the former flies in the face of a longstanding idea: the rough equation of "competence" for jury service with "competence" to vote.

There lies the key weakness of the “Enlightened” Elitists’ Take. Its condemnation of juries sounds too much like—and, I think, is like—prissy condemnations of the voters after an election. Arguments based in contempt for the majority of ordinary people work well in sheltered elite settings. As political arguments for reform addressed to the general public, they work less well. At a populist moment, they aren’t likely to work well at all. A majority supposing it has just ousted one smug elite won’t want to see itself as embracing another.

Which leads to the remaining option. It’s the one I’m betting on, and rooting for. Call it the Populist Take. The focus of its criticism is on waste, smug abuse of power and disdain for ordinary people. The systemic decadence it identifies is the same decadence that the majority of voters identified and condemned in Washington last November. It is suited to the moment.

The waste in our system of criminal “justice”—in terms of allocation of collective resources—is easy to see. Our goal is fair, accurate and effective enforcement of the law. The question is how much time and money and talent we should spend and how we should spend it. We could spend on every case the resources that will, eventually, be spent on the Simpson case. In every case, lawyers and investigators might explore every complexity, testing every bit of evidence, as elaborately as in the Simpson case. But the adversary system might then bankrupt us before the health care system does the job. As with health care, choices to do less than we could do must be made; as with health care, resources ought to be expended fairly, where they’ll do the most good. From this perspective, the level of expenditure on the Simpson case will strike you—especially if you conclude he was guilty and he gets off—as a waste.

But why should the public see it this way? It’s Simpson’s money, isn’t it? Why shouldn’t he spend it as he pleases, just as the rich spend whatever they want on health care? The difference is a matter of public morality. If Simpson gets off, the public won’t feel just that he didn’t “deserve” to walk. It will feel that he deserved much worse.

Besides, the issue is not just waste, but toxic waste. If the people conclude that Simpson is guilty, but he gets off, they will look to see how his high-priced counsel did it. They may conclude that his lawyers, his “officers of the court,” having been delegated power by the adversary system, intentionally used that power to obscure the truth, to derail enforcement of the criminal law. When they’re reminded that the system itself allows, even encourages, such behavior, they are likely to be reminded as well of the sort of smug systemic abuse of power that so offends them in government generally.

What will most offend them, however, is the disdain for ordinary people revealed as inherent in the adversary system: for the victims and their loved ones, for the people who “work hard and play by the rules” and for those who are charged with crimes but who don’t have millions of dollars. Oddly, this last is the most egregious.

For the ideologues of the adversary system don’t really pretend to care much about the first two. It’s the defendants whose rights they celebrate.

In the “great case” of *Gideon v. Wainwright* the Supreme Court announced the “obvious truth” that “in our adversary system” poor defendants “cannot be assured a fair trial” without counsel. *Gideon* was based, in turn, on *Griffin v. Illinois*. There, Justice Hugo Black established, as a central Constitutional concern, “equal justice for poor and rich, weak and powerful alike.” Speaking for the Court, he proclaimed that there “can be no equal justice where the kind of trial a man gets depends on the amount of money he has.” Yet that is precisely what the “kind of trial a man gets” still depends on. (Indeed, most ordinary defendants, pressured to make a plea bargain, get no trial whatever.) The Simpson case will dramatize that truth with a vividness probably unprecedented in our history. Ordinary people will smell the contempt for them beneath the celebration of the system by Simpson’s high-profile trial attorneys.

At least two sorts of reform proposals might meet this populist criticism. The first involves some kind of “socialization” of legal services. Lawyers’ responsibilities to take clients assigned them by the courts, or to take clients at substantially reduced fees, might be substantially expanded. Lawyers might be assigned to cases at random, as judges are now. Or they might be obliged to join “legal maintenance organizations” that sell insurance at regulated rates. But such schemes, smacking of big government regulation, would probably go the way of the Clinton health care plan. While they would do something about unequal justice, they would not address the other problems of disdain for ordinary people at the root of the adversary system. Nor would they address the problem of toxic waste.

More attractive will be proposals that address those problems directly and deal indirectly with unequal justice. These are proposals for “downsizing” the adversary system. Trials would be radically abbreviated. Judges would be assigned the responsibility—subject to summary advice and criticism by counsel—to sift, assemble and present most evidence to juries and to sharply restrict the extravagance of lawyers on both sides. Cleansed of the systemic invitation to manipulate the system, the law would be more respectful of victims and of the ordinary people who obey it. Some of the resources saved by reform could then be reallocated among all cases, including the vast majority that now are resolved without any trial of any sort.

In the literature on such proposals, there are studies of (partial) adumbrations in European criminal justice systems. Also in the literature are warnings that there must be a check on the fairness of the abbreviated trial, a check less wasteful and less toxic, more respectful and more effective, than an adversary blow-out. Although no one (as far as I know) has produced a blueprint for the United States, a simple message attractive to a broad constituency is more important, initially, than a

blueprint. Blueprints should be developed gradually and openly, not in academic isolation by a new Ira Magaziner. And the simple message already exists: downsize the system.

But what if the practicing lawyers are wrong? What if Simpson is convicted? Will that deflate proposals for

systemic reform? Probably. An opportunity, one some of us have been awaiting for some time, will have slipped away. But only temporarily. Another one will come along. We'll just wait a while longer for the next really big case—and the next populist moment—to end the adversary system as we know it, at long last. •

The legacy of a sentimentalist.

BYE-BYE, MITTERRAND

By David A. Bell

François Mitterrand's long career has been that of a master political contortionist. In the heyday of Vichy, he enthusiastically supported the collaborationist regime, but by the time Liberation came around, he stood high in the ranks of the Resistance. Maneuvering for power in the Fourth Republic, he was the consummate centrist parliamentarian, but when shut out of power by Charles de Gaulle in the '60s he swerved to the left, attacking the Fifth Republic's presidential system as "dictatorial" and capitalism as "the root of all evil." But since inheriting de Gaulle's mantle in 1981, he has wielded his powers with sovereign hauteur and presided over the virtual evaporation of socialism from French soil.

Some would call all this the worst sort of opportunism. Many have. Last autumn, when more news filtered out about Mitterrand's Vichy past, the cries grew particularly loud. So should we be sighing with relief, now that his ailing condition has kept him out of this spring's presidential election? Maybe not. Given that Mitterrand led early challenges to the Fifth Republic's legitimacy, his own acceptance of its presidency confirmed the long-term stability of French politics—nothing to sneer at in a republic barely twenty years old in 1981. His admission of the Communists into government—which deprived them of their role as a permanent opposition—hastened the decline of the last powerful Stalinist party in Western Europe. In foreign policy, Mitterrand made France a more reliable part of the Western alliance than it ever had been under de Gaulle. And when, having called for nationalizing the means of production during the 1970s, he began to veer away from such policies barely a year after his election, he signaled the French Left's break from its blan-

ket hostility to free enterprise. If this is opportunism, it's not half bad.

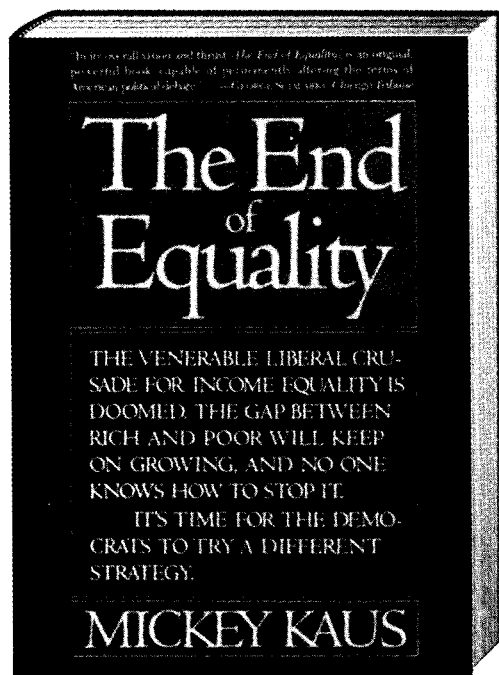
Mitterrand's historical reputation, however, will depend not only on the sober dissection of his policies but on the judgments about the man behind them. What has motivated Mitterrand through all his different political incarnations? Was it *just* ambition? (This is, admittedly, a man who once remarked, apropos of Stendhal's archetypal young-man-in-a-hurry, "Look at the poverty of Julien Sorel's ambition.") Or is there some telltale thread of ideological conviction that ties together the stages of his career?

It is for this reason that the recent revelations, which came with Mitterrand's own cooperation, are so interesting. It's now clear that the young Mitterrand not only supported the far right enthusiastically during the late 1930s, but even flirted with, though didn't join, the right-wing terrorists of the Cagoule. During the war, he worked for and supported the Vichy government until a year before the Liberation. After the war, he consistently dissembled about this record, and until the 1980s remained friends with René Bousquet, a man responsible as Vichy's chief of police for numerous war crimes, including the deportation of Jews to Nazi concentration camps. It is a damning record, offset only partly by his courageous activities in the Resistance.

The notion of drawing a link between Mitterrand's Vichy past and Socialist present is not as absurd as it might sound; historically, the boundaries between left and right have been surprisingly porous in France. But if a connection exists, it's on the level not of ideology but of the sentiments that have guided Mitterrand's ideological choices. And this is appropriate, for while Mitterrand may not be a man of principle, he is quintessentially a man of sentiment. As his remark about Julien Sorel suggests, he not only is devoted to French literature, but measures his life against it. He also has a taste for the grand or poignant gesture: after his election in

DAVID A. BELL teaches history at Yale University and is the author of *Lawyers and Citizens: The Making of a Political Elite in Old Regime France* (Oxford University Press).

ARM YOURSELF FOR THE COMING WELFARE WARFARE

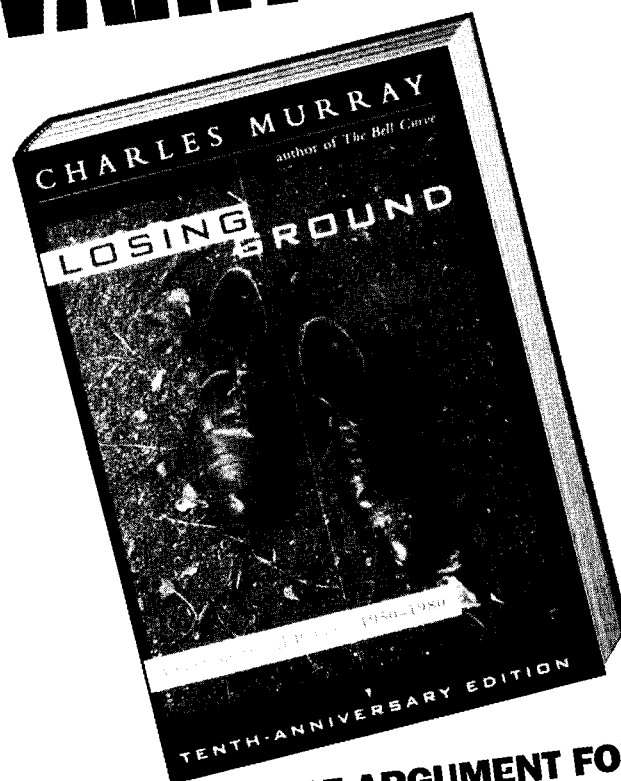


THE BEST PLAN FOR REFORMING WELFARE

"Nowadays schemes for welfare reform lie thick on the ground. . . Kaus cuts the Gordian knot."
—Chicago Tribune

"A valuable contribution to the continuing debate."
—New York Times Book Review

A New Republic Book



THE BEST ARGUMENT FOR ABOLISHING WELFARE

The classic book that serves as a starting point for any serious discussion of welfare reform—now in a 10th anniversary edition.

IN PAPERBACK AT BOOKSTORES NOW!



BasicBooks

A Division of HarperCollins Publishers
Available in Canada from HarperCollinsCanada Ltd

1981, he did not march down the Champs Élysées in triumph the way his predecessor had done, but went to the Pantheon to lay roses on the tombs of three of his heroes. As a young man he once wrote 2,400 love letters in four years to his then-fiancée, and such passions, notoriously, did not end with his marriage.

In politics Mitterrand seems to have retained throughout his adult life certain guiding sentiments that are not incompatible with his support of Vichy. These include a strong suspicion of social distinctions based on money; a deep sympathy for what Mitterrand considers, somewhat condescendingly, the "simple people"; a preference for the simplicities of rural and small-town life over urban complexities; a strong patriotism; and a tendency to view the world in religious terms. Whatever the ideologies of the moment, the sentimental voice that justifies them in interviews, books and speeches, has remained. The defining image of Mitterrand will remain his campaign poster from the triumphant election of 1981, which shows him standing before not a factory or a gleaming high-tech city-scape but a bucolic small-town church.

Mitterrand received his sentimental education in two settings. First came his conservative, Catholic, petty bourgeois childhood in the small town of Jarnac, in the Cognac region. There he lived in a sheltered world of cozy certainties: religious, familial, political and social. His father first worked for the national railroad, then went into his own father-in-law's vinegar business. The family attended church regularly and patronized religious schools. The parents maintained their position as "notables" of their town and instilled in their children a sense of social superiority that included a strong sense of noblesse oblige. They voted conservative and believed firmly, if quietly, that France had taken a wrong turn with the Revolution of 1789. Despite their business ties, they had little enthusiasm for the world of large-scale capitalism. Mitterrand himself has written that "I lived my childhood in another

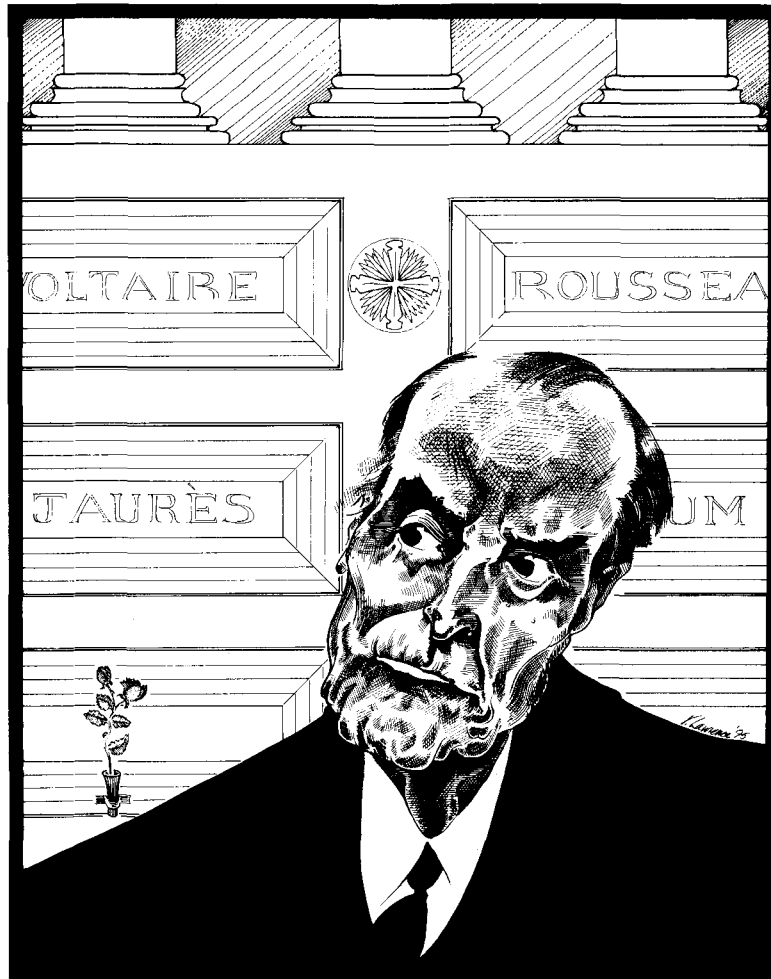
century; I had to make an effort to jump into ours."

Mitterrand was also profoundly marked by the period he spent as a prisoner of war in Germany in 1940 and 1941. For the first time, he found himself side by side with factory workers and peasants, some of whom became lifetime friends, or henchmen. If we believe his later writings, he first found the experience of captivity disillusioning, as prisoners fought openly for the limited food, and those with knives prevailed. Yet after a few months a new social order arose in the camps. As he later described the scene, in bathetic prose: "One has to have seen the new representatives—

nobody knew exactly how they had been appointed—dividing up the black bread into six slices, equal to the nearest millimeter, under the wide-eyed supervision of universal suffrage. It was a rare and instructive sight. I was watching the birth of the social contract." Mitterrand became a passionate advocate for prisoners and former prisoners, first for the Vichy government, then for the Resistance, and then in his first Cabinet post as minister for veterans' affairs.

The sentiments forged in childhood and captivity helped guide Mitterrand in the noxious political direction he took after his escape from Stalag 9A in late 1941. The young right-wing sympathizer saw the squabbling party de-

mocracy of the Third Republic as a sterile and corrupt regime that had betrayed the notables of Jarnac and his fellow prisoners alike. Marshal Pétain's "National Revolution," with its vision of a more "natural" and "organic" French community, seemed to offer a preferable alternative (its treatment of undesirables such as Jews and freemasons being a point that a man of sentiment if not a man of principle could overlook). None of this, however, made him intrinsically right-wing, which doubtless eased his adoption of romantic Socialism, tinged with Micheletian zeal for "the people," during the 1960s and '70s. His distrust of capitalism needed little adjustment, while the religious zeal of his youth translated easily into Socialist rhetoric



FRANÇOIS MITTERRAND BY VINT LAWRENCE FOR THE NEW REPUBLIC

about the paradise to be built on Earth. In the early '80s, his sentiments probably played a role in the Socialist Party's turn toward decentralization, which will remain one of Mitterrand's more beneficial legacies.

Yet Mitterrand's sentiments also helped lead him to his most serious failures as president—not because they are “Vichyite,” but because France has changed drastically since those sentiments were formed. After the war, when Mitterrand first entered the rarefied circles of French politics, the petty bourgeois, peasants and workers he thinks of as “the common people” still represented a large cross section of the French population. Nearly half the population lived on the land. Large industrialized ghettos still sprawled around French cities. The Church remained powerful, particularly in rural life.

Today, all that has changed. Fewer than 5 percent of the working population are now involved in agriculture. Industrial workers are less than one-third of the labor force, and the petty bourgeois *rentiers* Mitterrand grew up with have almost disappeared as a class. Large-scale African and Arab immigration has changed the face of French urban life. The ranks of the priesthood have been decimated. Increasingly, the typical French family lives neither in the cities nor in the deep countryside, but in the suburban space between the two, in neat, California-style tracts in towns such as L'Isle Adam, twenty-five miles north of Paris, or in planned communities such as L'Île-d'Abeau, near Lyon. They work in solidly white-collar occupations. They do not do their grocery shopping daily, in quaint little *épiceries* and *boucheries*, but weekly, in giant “hypermarkets” where they pick up their *vin rouge* in handy plastic gallon jugs. They buy clothes at Benetton and furniture at Ikea. On weekends, they take in a movie, probably American, at the nearby mall and stop off at Burger King on the way home. They rarely go to church. This is a France rarely seen by tourists, who tend to shuttle between the cities and the countryside—and rarely by France's ruling elites, who tend to do the same. Mitterrand himself, who splits his time between his well-guarded apartment in Paris's Fifth District and a country home in the remote southwestern Landes region, is a case in point.

Mitterrand has written that “men who claim to be in politics without remaining in permanent contact with simple people are merely ignorant technocrats”—but he is clearly thinking of peasants and workers, not of these deracinated suburbanites anxious about crime and traffic, taxes and declining living standards. *These* simple people do not appeal to his literary imagination. The sentiments which have guided Mitterrand through political life do not have much relevance to them. They do not have the same instinctual distrust of a capitalist system on which, for better or worse, they entirely depend. They do not see things in religious terms. They do not have the option of retreating to small towns, except perhaps to visit *grand-mère* for a few weeks of the August vacation.

Mitterrand has tried to adapt to these changes, but belatedly, grudgingly and without real understanding. Throughout the 1970s he continued to advocate policies based on the expropriation of the rich, without realizing that by his own definitions, a majority of the French population now *was* rich. After those initial policies foundered in 1982-83, he abandoned his romantic socialism, but for some time continued to refer to his new austerity policies as a mere “parenthesis in the history of socialism,” and would occasionally revert in speeches and interviews to his 1981 persona. Although he has condoned free market policies and spoken of an “opening to the center,” he has done little to create a stable, social democratic party committed to social justice within the framework of a market economy. The Socialist Party he rebuilt in 1971 remains a congeries of semiautonomous “currents,” some firmly committed to social democracy, some not.

In part for these reasons, Mitterrand is leaving power with the Socialists wrecked, divided, dispirited and impoverished. (They are even selling their elegant headquarters on Paris's rue Solferino, near the Orsay Museum.) The party has not recovered from its devastating defeat in the 1993 legislative elections, and its presidential candidate, the dull, decent Lionel Jospin, has little chance of succeeding Mitterrand. Its woeful situation has contributed to the degeneration of the French political system, which currently seems more cynical and dispirited than at any time since the late 1950s.

Unable to find a policy outlet in times of austerity and retrenchment, Mitterrand's sentiments have, since the “turning point” of 1982-83, led him in other directions. He is, says his biographer Catherine Nay, a man fascinated with death, a man who, on hearing the name of a famous deceased writer or artist, will immediately name the burial place. Like the *philosophes* of the Enlightenment, he has seized upon the adulation of posterity as a substitute for the Catholic afterlife. To find a final resting place in the gloomy neoclassical crypt of the Pantheon, alongside Voltaire, Rousseau and the socialist hero Jean Jaurès, is his idea of heaven.

In the meantime, he has hedged his bets by leaving many lesser monuments scattered around the Parisian skyline: the “grand arch” of La Défense, the supposedly “popular” Bastille Opera House, the four gigantic towers of the grandiose Library of France, each in the shape of an open book, now rising on the site of former wine entrepôts along a dreary eastern stretch of the Seine and above all I.M. Pei's dazzling new Louvre and its glass pyramid. In this respect, “François III” (number two having died in 1560) has outdone not only his old nemesis de Gaulle, but many of France's kings as well. And if the new Louvre also contains a shopping mall complete with Quick Burger, ATM machines and a Virgin Megastore, this concession to the new France is just where the president would want it: underground and out of sight. •

BOOKS & The Arts

Stanley Kauffmann on Films

Strange Yet Familiar

A couple of years ago, prompted by a friend, I went to see two Iranian films being shown in a special series. I remain grateful to the friend and to Abbas Kiarostami, the director of both films. Do we still need reminders that human connections, conveyed in art, persist through political differences? We still can use such reminders, I guess, especially when they come through truly good art.

I didn't write about those two films, *Where Is the Friend's Home?* and *And Life Goes On*... because (to my knowledge) they were not released here. Now comes Kiarostami's **Through the Olive Trees**, bravely presented by Miramax Films. According to this year's *International Film Guide*, Kiarostami's latest was "the most noteworthy international success for Iranian cinema." It has been shown at a number of festivals and has won several awards. All this is somewhat surprising because of the film's quality.

Through the Olive Trees (1994) may be the quietest film I've ever seen. It takes even further the tone of the previous two by this director. They were of course composed for the eye, but they have the effect of tales told, of spoken narrative. Because they are gentle, meditative, immersed in the tempo and relations of the life they portray, they make us feel that we are listening to a village bard. They have a certain kinship with the films of Sembène and Ouedraogo. The local culture hasn't moved up to film-speed, so to speak, and the artist has used film as part of the local culture.

Kiarostami says that when he had finished *And Life Goes On*..., which took

place in northern Iran after the terrible earthquake of 1990, he became interested in a young pair who were in the film. They were not actors—he had used them more or less as themselves—and he noticed that they were not getting on very well together. Hossein wanted to marry Farkhonde, but she declined. Hossein was illiterate; she wasn't. He was able to provide; she didn't care. He wanted her very much; she was silent. (Taciturnity touches all these people. Hossein, the eager lover, isn't exactly loquacious.)

In *Olive Trees* Kiarostami goes back to the young pair's village to investigate how they got together in the first place. All the people in the film play themselves—they are the persons in the story or members of the film crew—with the exception of Kiarostami, who is played by a professional actor. (The director says he can't function on both sides of the camera.) To describe what happens in the film is to make it sound almost parodic. It isn't, though it is a serene

comment on the myriad films that sweat so hard to be gripping.

After he selects some extras, Kiarostami sets up his camera outside a markedly unsplendid house. He shoots a scene. On a balcony Hossein proposes to Farkhonde who is reading a magazine and doesn't even look at him as he speaks. Hossein then comes downstairs and speaks to another man. Here he makes a mistake. The director asks him to repeat the scene from the top. Again Hossein makes a mistake. Several times—I lost count—the scene is repeated from the beginning. Hossein never gets it quite right, and at last Kiarostami settles for what he has.

This whole section is the main part of the film! It is not remotely satirical, of Hossein or anyone else. It is a quintessence of the values of all the people concerned: the value of time, of amity, of shared beliefs, of filmmaking itself.

Farkhonde, waving off the offer of a ride, starts to walk back to her home. Hossein follows her, still talking, still proposing, still getting not even a glance, let alone a word. The camera then falls back and lets the pair walk into a long shot. Hossein follows her up a long zigzag path across the face of a hill, then over the top of it. Then, from the top, we watch him, still talking, follow her across the valley. We watch from a great distance as they make their way across a field. When they are very far off, he gets fairly close to her. They do not touch, but there is a moment's pause. She continues on her way; he turns and heads back toward us. The end.

Did she accept him? Yes, apparently, since they were together in the previous film, which takes place later; and *The Film Guide* says "the boy receives a positive response." But the quiet of the film pervades even his success. Whatever happened, I felt that for 103 minutes I had been in a different world of film. Neorealism? *Cinéma vérité*? Labels are more intrusive than helpful.

Here is a quotation from an interview with Kiarostami:

FILMS WORTH SEEING

Martha and I. Jiří Weiss, writer and director, tells a richly atmospheric story of the Czechoslovakia he knew before World War II—a Jewish youth, his life-loving uncle and his uncle's German wife. Memorable. (Reviewed 3/13/95) **Miami Rhapsody.** Snap, crackle, pop. Love and sex, mostly illicit, upset all the members of a well-to-do Jewish family in Miami. Funny and sharp. **Mina Tannenbaum.** Still another Jewish family—this time in postwar Paris. Mina grows up closely knit with her friend Ethel. The growing-up takes many moving, wry forms. Charming directed by its author, Martine Dugowson. (3/6/95) **Window to Paris.** A witty fantasy from Russia. Someone discovers a window in St. Petersburg that opens up into central Paris. Several kinds of joy and havoc result. (2/27/95)—SK

When I come on the set in the morning and I notice that my camera operator hasn't slept well, I avoid complex camera movements without letting him know. I do the same with the actors. If an actor has to play a sad scene and I notice that he is in a better mood than on previous days, I alter the shooting schedule.

With another director, this might be pretentious hogwash. With Kiarostami, I believe it—at least in intent. His films seem familial enterprises.

A coincidence. The other night on T.V. I had the chance to catch up on a Billy Wilder film I had never seen, *Witness for the Prosecution* (1957). Derived from an Agatha Christie play, it's about a clever London barrister who saves a man accused of murder. Then comes a plot twist. The next day I saw *Just Cause* (Warner Bros.), which is about a clever American lawyer who saves a man on death row from execution. Then comes a plot twist. (In the American film, the rescued man is black.)

Wilder's film is far better written, acted and directed than the new one, but both of them cling to a well-worn rule for thrillers. Involve the audience deeply in a certain struggle, with the rights and wrongs apparently clear; then,

when the struggle is won, sock in some reversals. By now we're all so conditioned by this formula that, when the picture seems to be over, we know it's a sure sign that it's not.

Sean Connery has been a Harvard law professor for twenty-five years and returns to practice for the sake of a convicted man in Florida. His reasons for doing this are slimmer than slim. Many more Connery actions, in this allegedly realistic film, are dubious. (What lawyer would enter a house without an invitation from its owners?) Additionally, Connery the actor must still sport sexual prowess: here he has a youngish wife and a daughter about five. Certainly some men his age (65) have youngish wives and small children, but with Connery it seems less a matter of course than a star's worry.

If the director, Arne Glimcher, ever learns that there are other sorts of shots besides big close-ups, including those of alligators and owls, and that tricky lighting in cliché scenes with mad killers only emphasizes the cliché, he may get some life into his work. But he needs screenplays that are better built. In this one, major matters, such as the wife's previous involvement with the convicted man or that same man's castration, are treated as afterthoughts. •

War Crimes

BY ANTHONY LEWIS

Slaughterhouse: Bosnia and the Failure of the West by David Rieff

(Simon & Schuster, 240 pp., \$22)

At the commemoration of the liberation of Auschwitz some weeks ago, the old questions came back. How could ordinary people in what was thought to be a civilized society have taken part in a monstrous crime? How could the world have allowed it to go on? David Rieff's great achievement is to shed light on those mysteries. He gives us hard evidence on how the process of genocide works, and is allowed to work.

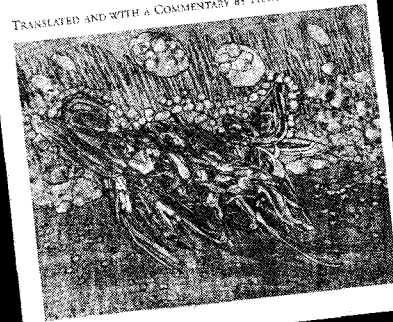
Bosnia is not Auschwitz, and the Serbian leaders are not Hitler. It is necessary to make that disclaimer. The scale of the crime is much smaller. But the principle is the same. A people was picked out for destruction because it was different. The difference was religion: only religion. The Muslims of Bosnia and the Serbs and the Croats are all of

the same ethnic origin, South Slav, and they speak the same language. But centuries ago, when the Ottoman Turks ruled the area, some were converted to Islam, as other historical episodes made the Serbs Eastern Orthodox Christians and the Croats Roman Catholics.

Before the disaster, Bosnia was an example of multiculturalism in the fine sense, an instance of different cultures finding common ground, rather than the separatism that some American multiculturalists want the word to mean. In the towns, intermarriage was common. Most Muslims were secular in outlook. Assimilated, one might say—like German Jews before 1933, and like them complacent. "We worried about our kids listening to too much rock and roll," Rieff was told by a man whom he identifies as a Muslim notable in Banja Luka,

Stéphane Mallarmé COLLECTED POEMS

TRANSLATED AND WITH A COMMENTARY BY HENRY WEINFELD



POETIC LICENSE

Stéphane Mallarmé COLLECTED POEMS

Translated, with a Commentary,
by HENRY WEINFELD

"Weinfeld's versions are superb—true miracles, I believe—and give us the flavor of Mallarmé's work for the first time." —Paul Auster, Editor, *The Random House Book of 20th-Century French Poetry*
"Magnificent....Just as remarkable as the translations are the indispensable commentaries."

—Arthur Goldhammer,
Washington Post Book World
\$25.00 hardcover

Frank O'Hara THE COLLECTED POEMS

Edited by DONALD ALLEN
Introduction by JOHN ASHBERRY

"In its music and its language and in its conception to the relation of poetry to the rest of life, it is a poetry which has already changed poets and others, and which promises to go on moving and changing them for a long time to come."

—Kenneth Koch,
The New Republic
New in paperback—\$18.00

At bookstores or order 1-800-822-6657

UNIVERSITY OF
CALIFORNIA PRESS

Bosnia's once-beautiful second city. "We really did not worry about ourselves. Our troubles were going to be personal—divorce, aging, mortality. But we did not think our society was mortal."

That vision ended when Bosnian Serb irregulars and Serbian soldiers of the Yugoslav Federal Army attacked Bosnian villages and cities in the spring of 1992. The siege of Sarajevo began on April 6, and it continues to this day. Banja Luka and much of the rest of northern Bosnia fell to the Serbian forces at the end of April. There was little military opposition; at that stage Bosnia had no army. Then began what a linguistically creative Serb called "ethnic cleansing."

To some in the outside world, ethnic cleansing evokes the image of a Serbian soldier shooting people at random. That happened, especially in remote villages; but the cleansing was not casual or accidental. It was deliberate, comprehensive, designed with clear aims in view. And it had a military purpose: it is much easier to hold territory seized in the name of Serbian nationalism if all the non-Serbs there are killed or terrorized. As Rieff observes, you do not have to worry about a restive subject population. Another purpose was to deprive any future Bosnian state of a trained leadership. In the northern part of the country, which the Serbs occupied most easily and quickly in 1992, educated men were systematically killed, so that, as Rieff reports, the professional classes of the region all but disappeared. Pol Pot redux.

In Banja Luka and other towns where foreign journalists or relief workers might turn up, the process of ethnic cleansing was legalistic and incremental. First the occupation authorities made it a rule that non-Serbs could not be company managers. Then non-Serbs were barred from senior positions in any line of work in which they might make independent decisions, even as accountants or shop foremen. Muslim men received military draft notices, and when they failed to appear for duty with the Serb forces they were automatically dismissed from their jobs. In a holdover from the days of Tito, housing often went with jobs, so the families lost their homes as well. By means of killings and economic pressures, the Muslim population was methodically terrorized into flight, if that was still possible. Often

Muslim families had to bribe Serbian paramilitaries for permission to become refugees, another action reminiscent of Nazi ingenuity.

Not only Muslim human beings, but also Muslim history and culture, were cleansed—which is to say, eradicated. Serbian gunners targeted and destroyed the great National Library in Sarajevo and many of the city's mosques. There had been about 1,000 mosques in the northern part of the country before 1992, many of historical interest. Rieff estimates that no more than 100, and probably fewer, still stand. Radovan Karadzic took pride in pointing out to Cyrus Vance and David Owen, when they visited Banja Luka in September 1992, that the city's famous sixteenth-century mosque was still there. "We all live in peace here and all over the parts of Bosnia where we control and where

complained to a U.N. refugee officer. This at a time when the zookeepers were risking their lives to try to get to the zoo; and in the end the animals all starved to death. Can people really believe such things? Yes, they can. Karadzic, a former psychiatrist, believes his lies only in the sense that his former schizophrenic patients believed their ravings. But many Serbs, in Bosnia and Serbia, certainly do believe that their soldiers only began fighting when attacked by Muslim terrorists—mujahedin, they call them—and they believe also that the Muslims have carried out massacres. Rieff describes a schoolteacher in a Serbian area near Sarajevo telling him, with tears in her eyes, that the things written about Serbian atrocities were all lies. He asked her why, if Serbs were the victims of the war, Serbian snipers killed children in Sarajevo. "If we shell the city," she replied, "it

is only because the Muslims shoot at us first. Don't we have the right to defend ourselves?" And the sniping? "Serbs are incapable of behaving in this dishonorable way.... They would not kill children. If kids are being killed, it must be the Muslims who are doing this to blame the Serbian people." At the time 3,500 children had been killed in Sarajevo by Serbian shelling and sniping.

The Bosnian tragedy reminds us, then, what a powerful weapon the fear of The Other can be. Herbert Okun, who was Cyrus Vance's dep-

uty in the Yugoslav negotiations, told Karadzic at the start: "If you continue to talk about the mortal danger that Serbs are under in Bosnia, you will end up committing preemptive genocide." A memorable phrase, "preemptive genocide." But Karadzic did not care. He and his colleagues, Rieff concludes, "won because they knew how to take old fears and old complaints, repackage them and cause otherwise decent Serbs, people from a national community with no more of an innate predilection for murder than any other national community, to commit genocide."

Fear was used also more directly than in propaganda. Serbian fighters would go to a Serb's house in some village, take the man to a Muslim neighbor's home, hand him a knife or gun and order him to kill the neighbor. If he refused, he was shot. When this happened a few times, Serb householders stopped refusing to be killers, whatever their feelings about



PHOTOGRAPH BY GILLES PERESS

Copyright 1994 by Gilles Peress, Magnum Photos

the Muslims do not attack us," he said. "We will not harm them, and we will respect their religion." A year later the Serbs dynamited the great mosque of Banja Luka.

Serbs are not monsters. What could lead Serbian engineers and factory workers and doctors—yes, doctors—to take part in the extermination of a people and a culture? There is the old question. Rieff's main answer is: propaganda. In Serbia itself, Belgrade television and radio broadcast unending invented horror stories about the massacre of Serbs. Bosnian Serb broadcasts told viewers and listeners that Serbian fighters were being roasted alive on spits. For many, this was the only source of news, and they believed. "Serb minds as well as Muslim bodies have been cleansed in Bosnia," Rieff writes.

"Live Serbian babies are being fed to the zoo animals in Sarajevo," Biljana Plavcic, a Bosnian Serb official, once

the war. Thus were they made accomplices to genocide. When it was all over, 200,000 people had been killed in Bosnia and 2 million forced to flee the country as refugees. And it is not yet all over. Within the past few months, there has been more ethnic cleansing in the areas of northern Bosnia, where the worst tortures took place, where the worst Serbian concentration camps were established.

The world has done nothing to stop the genocide in Bosnia, offering as excuses for its inaction a number of myths. One is that the Balkans are just hopeless, a collection of tribes impervious to reason, whose ancient hatred for each other is bound to break out from time to time in mass murder. It is true that Serb and Croat nationalism has produced much bloodshed in the past, that there is a bitter historical memory of the Ottoman years, that neither the royal Yugoslavia before World War II nor Tito's Yugoslavia afterward erased the smaller national loyalties and created a true sense of Yugoslav citizenship; but the recent wars that have savaged Croatia and destroyed Bosnia were not the product of historical inevitability. They were the product of politicians.

They arose fundamentally from the ambition of Slobodan Milosevic, the former Communist who leads Serbia. He destroyed the balance of communities that Tito had arranged in the Yugoslav government, taking more and more power for himself and the Serbs. Resistance by the Slovenes (in northern Yugoslavia) and the Croats made the breakup of Yugoslavia inevitable. Then Milosevic let loose the propaganda that transformed the thinking of many Serbs and enabled them to kill without troubling their consciences. Victimology was the crucial tactic. Serbs were made to feel victims of an unfair history going back to their defeat by the Ottomans at Kosovo in 1389: a defeat that Serbian soldiers would actually say they were avenging as they sniped at Muslim women and children.

It took a lot of work, Rieff says, for power-hungry Serbian politicians, soldiers and intellectuals to create the necessary fear and hatred in a place where the rate of intermarriage was so high and the consciousness of division had faded. But Radovan Karadzic and Ratko Mladic, the general who commands Serbian forces in Bosnia and Croatia, are masters of the trade: so good at it, in fact, that Milosevic has sometimes seen them as threats to his power in Serbia. In *Yugoslavia's Ethnic Nightmare*, a collection of essays edited by Jasminka Udovicki and James Ridgeway that will appear this

"In many ways, the future of the planet depends on the environmental movement figuring out the right blend of rage and reform. Mark Dowie argues passionately for a more democratic, and a more encompassing environmentalism; his reporting, particularly about the Clinton years, makes painfully clear the pitfalls of the current approach. Read this and think; or rather, re-think." — Bill McKibben, author of *The End of Nature*

400 pp. \$25.00

LOSING GROUND

American Environmentalism at the Close of the Twentieth Century

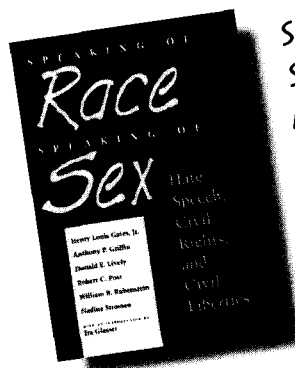
Mark Dowie

The MIT Press

55 Hayward Street, Cambridge, MA 02142 & Fitzroy House, 11 Chenies Street, London WC1E 7ET, England

To order call toll-free 1-800-356-0343 (US & Canada) or (617) 625-8569. MasterCard & VISA accepted. Prices will be higher outside the U.S. and are subject to change without notice.

RACE IN AMERICA



SPEAKING OF RACE, SPEAKING OF SEX

Hate Speech, Civil Rights, and Civil Liberties

Henry Louis Gates, Jr., Anthony P. Griffin, Donald E. Lively, Robert C. Post, William B. Rubenstein, Nadine Strossen. Preface by Ira Glasser.

A range of prominent voices argue that hate speech restrictions are not only dangerous, but counterproductive.

1995 / 299 pages / ISBN: 0-8147-3070-1 / \$26.95 cloth

CLARENCE THOMAS AND THE TOUGH LOVE CROWD

Counterfeit Heroes and Unhappy Truths

Ronald Suresh Roberts

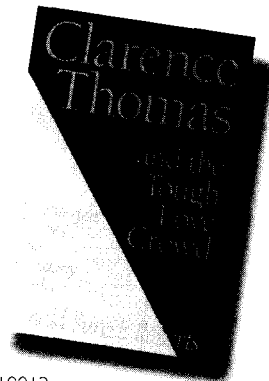
A devastating critique of black neo-conservatives, including Clarence Thomas, Shelby Steele, and Stephen Carter.

1995 / 221 pages / ISBN: 0-8147-7454-7 / \$24.95 cloth



NEW YORK UNIVERSITY PRESS

70 Washington Square South • New York • New York • 10012
Available at fine bookstores or call 1-800-996-NYUP



spring, the editors make the point about the myth of the hopeless Balkans: "The hatred that astounded the world [in Bosnia] was engineered, not innate."

Another myth is that President Alija Izetbegovic and other leaders of the Bosnian government brought disaster upon themselves by seceding from Yugoslavia and declaring Bosnia an independent country in 1992. That step was indeed the signal for the Serbian assault, but the choice was forced on a Bosnian government that knew the danger but had no good alternative. Izetbegovic preferred Bosnia to remain in a Yugoslavia that was a genuine federation, and he had worked for such a solution through 1991. But Milosevic was intent on centralizing power in his own, and Serbia's, hands. After the European Community's recognition of Croatia as an independent state in January 1992, Bosnia was left with a choice of independence or submersion in a Yugoslavia that amounted to a Greater Serbia. The E.C. promised recognition if a referendum in Bosnia approved independence. The referendum was held and won, but Bosnian Serbs boycotted it. Foreseeing the onslaught, Izetbegovic asked for U.N. peacekeepers to be stationed in Bosnia, but none were sent. The E.C. recognized Bosnia on April 6, 1992, the day that Serbian forces began the siege of Sarajevo.

Then there is the argument that Germany brought on the disaster by insisting on early recognition of an independent Croatia. History—that is, the Nazi creation of a Fascist Croatia during World War II—did make the German role in 1991-92 a provocation to the Serbs, even a spark for paranoia. (A Yugoslav television commentator, visiting the United States last year, told me solemnly that everything had resulted from "the German conspiracy.") The Croatian government of Franjo Tudjman was greatly at fault for not guaranteeing the large Serbian minority a special constitutional status, and the E.C.—having made that guarantee a condition of recognition—was mistaken in going ahead and recognizing Croatia without it. But it is impossible to say that any of this actually caused the Serbian aggression in Croatia and Bosnia. In November and December 1991, before recognition of Croatia, the Serbs shelled Dubrovnik on the west and laid siege to Vukovar on the eastern side of Croatia, hideously

leveling Vukovar. Serbian forces took control of the Krajina, the southern third of Croatia. I see no reason to think that they would not have done those things if recognition had been delayed or handled more carefully.

Europe's role in the Bosnian genocide has been scandalous. After the victory over Nazi savagery and the great, successful effort to keep Western Europe free during the cold war, one might have expected the leaders of Britain and France especially to be sensitive to the rise of extreme nationalism and murderous aggression in Europe. Instead the record reeks of Munich. The best analysis that I have seen of the European performance is by Stanley Hoffmann, in an essay written for *The World and Yugoslavia's Wars*, which will be published by the Council on Foreign Relations later this year.



PHOTOGRAPH BY GILLES PERESS

From the start, Hoffmann notes, Britain and France insisted on limiting international action on the ground in Bosnia to a relief effort assisted by the United Nations Protection Force, UNPROFOR. The British and French governments then argued that the presence of their soldiers in UNPROFOR made military action to defend the victims of Serbian aggression impossible, because the Serbs would attack the U.N. forces. British and French troops were thus made Serbian hostages, an excuse to let the Serbs break successive promises without response. "The British and French preference for 'sustained negotiations' without deterrence or the use of force," Hoffmann writes, "and without even the lifting of an unfair arms embargo that mainly helped the aggressor, was both a political and a moral mistake." He concludes that Britain's policy has been "sadly reminiscent of the 1930s" and that, "as in the 1930s, France in effect

followed Britain into spinelessness."

American leadership has been no better. George Bush, fresh from his triumph in the Persian Gulf war under the banner of "a new world order," flinched from acting to stop Serbian aggression when it was easiest to stop: at the beginning, in 1991, in the attacks on Dubrovnik and Vukovar. General John Galvin, the American who was NATO's supreme commander at the time, later testified to Congress that NATO air strikes could have stopped the Serbs there and then—and thus could have prevented the subsequent tragedy in Bosnia.

Why did Bush avert his eyes from Yugoslavia? His explanation, insofar as he offered one, was that it was primarily a European problem and the Europeans should handle it. True; but long experience has shown that the Europeans cannot act effectively on security matters

without American leadership. NATO, which had the force to take any military action, was led by the United States. We had invested hundreds of billions of dollars over four decades to keep the peace in Europe, on the premise that the United States had a vital interest in maintaining that peace and the principle that bars acquisition of territory by force.

The excuse of Europe's responsibility was, and is, unpersuasive. And there was a personal reason that may have been crucial: the fall of Margaret Thatcher. When Iraq invaded Kuwait, it

was Thatcher, at an Aspen conference that day with Bush, who stiffened the American president's backbone. "Don't go all wobbly on us, George," she told him, as Bush himself later disclosed. But suddenly the British prime minister was the weak John Major, who together with Foreign Secretary Douglas Hurd put one in mind of Chamberlain and Halifax.

If Thatcher had stayed in office, I believe, she would again have stiffened Bush's spine. I think that she and Bush—and possibly François Mitterrand—would have issued an ultimatum to the Serbs in something like these terms: "At the end of the twentieth century, we who fought and won the war in Europe—with the gallant help of the Yugoslav resistance—will not allow the peace to begin unraveling. We understand that the Serbs feel threatened by political change in Croatia, but the place to work out those concerns is at the conference table. If military aggression continues for one more

Copyright 1994 by Gilles Peress. Magnum Photos

day, our aircraft will strike at the guns shelling Dubrovnik and Vukovar and at other Serbian military targets in Croatia and in Serbia." The phrase "our aircraft" would have meant NATO planes if NATO had agreed, as I think it would. And if NATO did not agree, the aircraft would have been American, British and perhaps French. Like General Galvin, I am confident that Milosevic and Mladic would have stopped at once.

The Bush administration bears a responsibility beyond inaction. Early in 1991 the CIA had told the administration that Yugoslavia would not survive as a single state and that the breakup had effectively started. On June 21, 1991, however, Secretary of State James Baker chose to go to Belgrade and declare that the United States was committed to a unified Yugoslavia. His words were taken by Milosevic as a green light for the use of force to maintain the state. Four days later, when Croatia and Slovenia declared their independence, Milosevic immediately sent his troops into action. Why Baker chose to make that trip and those remarks has never been explained.

When Bill Clinton took office in 1993, the obstacles to effective international action in Bosnia were high. Serbian aggression and genocide had changed realities in ways that were hard to undo. But Clinton made things worse. By condemning Bush's policy as weak and promising firm action, he led the Bosnian government to expect intervention of a kind that would help. With that expectation, the Bosnians went on fighting and dying, only to find that Clinton's words were hollow. The president called for a policy of "lift and strike": lifting the arms embargo and making air strikes on Serbian military targets. But when Britain and France objected, Clinton abandoned that policy without even a whimper.

Clinton led Vance and Owen to believe that the United States would support their plan for a Bosnia of cantons, loosely connected but still preserving Bosnia as an internationally recognized state. Then he rejected the Vance-Owen plan as not good enough, with the result that Bosnia was in due course offered diplomatic plans more demeaning than Vance-Owen, whatever its problems. Throughout 1994 Clinton pushed the Europeans to agree to firm NATO responses, meaning serious air strikes, when the Serbs violated their agreements and resumed their killing. Then he dropped that idea. Today the Clinton administration has nothing that can be called a policy on Bosnia.

"The story of Bosnian defeat," Rieff says, is

the story of Western European and North American disgrace. What has taken place in Bosnia has revealed the bankruptcy of every European security institution, from the North Atlantic Treaty Organization to the Conference on Security and Cooperation in Europe, exposed the fact that nowhere in these great structures was there either intellectual preparedness or moral fortitude for dealing with the crises of the post-cold war world.

One other actor in the Bosnian tragedy remains to be discussed: the United Nations. On the subject of the U.N. operation in Bosnia, Rieff is brilliant and chilling. It is possible to mention only a few of the examples that he reports of shameful behavior on the part of UNPROFOR officers and Yasushi Akashi, the U.N. special representative in the former Yugoslavia. As part of arrangements that it has made with the Serbian aggressors, UNPROFOR effectively polices the siege of Sarajevo. It patrols the airport and uses lights to pick out people trying to flee at night, many of whom have then been shot by Serbian snipers. UNPROFOR armored personnel carriers actually ran over Bosnians cowering near the runway in 1993; officers explained that preventing people from leaving was part of the deal with the Serbs. When Serbian rape camps were discovered by journalists that same year, UNPROFOR explained that helping the captive Muslim women was not part of its mandate. It also declined to investigate repeated charges that UNPROFOR soldiers had been taken to the camps for sex.

The U.N. published a pamphlet for children in Bosnia. Called "What the United Nations Does for Peace," it says: "UNPROFOR is a big group of people from a lot of different countries who have come to the former Yugoslavia to try to stop the war. . . . It tries to protect people from getting hurt in the fighting, just like a teacher who stops bullies from hitting you at school." Those statements are lies. UNPROFOR insists that it has no mandate to stop the war or to keep people from getting hurt in the fighting. Indeed, Akashi and Sir Michael Rose, the British general who was until January the UNPROFOR commander, consistently vetoed proposals for air strikes against Serbian guns and tanks that were killing Bosnian civilians in Sarajevo, Bihac, Gorazde and other places. Rose himself said, in a BBC interview, that "we are not here to protect or defend anything other than ourselves or our convoys." The latter is a dubious claim, since UNPROFOR has almost always backed off when the Serbs invented a reason to forbid convoys going through. For that reason, some of the besieged towns have

LEONARD W. LEVY

"One of the clearest and most eloquent liberal interpreters of law."

—D. J. R. Bruckner
New York Times Book Review



New edition!

The Establishment Clause

Religion and the First Amendment
Second Edition, Revised

Reviews from the first edition:

"A profoundly intelligent contribution to an issue that regularly gets confused in the hands of superficial commentators. . . . A powerful argument."

—Philadelphia Inquirer

"This is a strong, admirable book."

—New York Times Book Review

300 pp., \$34.95 cloth, \$14.95 paper

New in paperback!

Blasphemy

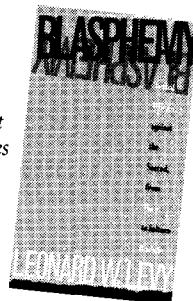
Verbal Offense against
the Sacred, from Moses
to Salman Rushdie

"A tour de force of
lively writing and
keen historical
interpretation."

—Publishers Weekly

"Essential reading in this age of religious
frenzy."—Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr.

700 pp., \$18.95 paper



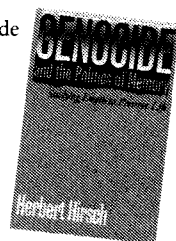
NEW!

Genocide and the Politics of Memory

Studying Death to Preserve Life
by Herbert Hirsch

"A lucid and original
account of why genocide
occurs and a vision of
how it can be pre-
vented."—Roger W.

Smith, College of
William and Mary
256 pp., \$29.95 cloth,
\$14.95 paper



at bookstores or by toll-free order

THE UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA PRESS
CHAPEL HILL

Phone (800) 848-6224 or Fax (800) 272-6817

been without relief supplies for months at a time.

So narrowly does UNPROFOR view its function that Bosnians have come to call it the Self-Protection Force. When the Serbs attacked the Gorazde "safe area" in 1994, capturing all of it except the small area of the town and thereby depriving it of food resources, Rose said that the magnitude of the attacks was exaggerated. But the terrible low point of UNPROFOR's record occurred on January 8, 1993, when French officers taking the Bosnian vice president, Dr. Hakija Turaljic, back to Sarajevo from a meeting at the airport allowed Serbian soldiers to stop the convoy and kill Turaljic in cold blood. The French colonel in charge went home and was awarded the Legion of Honor. A U.N. inquiry concluded that it was the Bosnians' fault for creating "an atmosphere of anxiety" among the Serbs. Rieff affectingly dedicates his book to the memory of Turaljic. He concludes what he has amply proved: "UNPROFOR and the [U.N.] Department of Peacekeeping Operations became accomplices to genocide."

The last argument to justify the West's indifference to genocide in Bosnia was that military intervention on a scale that would have been bearable by the American or European publics would not have worked: the Serbs were too strong, the terrain was too difficult. To be sure, a massive Western involvement in a ground war would have been mistaken; and the Serbian aggression could not have been stopped by a few "surgical air strikes." That phrase is as misleading when used with reference to the Balkans as it was when Henry Kissinger used it in the Southeast Asian setting. But air power could just as surely have been used in a meaningful way. NATO aircraft could have lifted the siege of Sarajevo or maintained the safety and integrity of such "safe areas" as Gorazde and, more recently, Bihac.

What really mattered, however, was not bombing, but belief: the belief of General Mladic and his colleagues that they would feel the force of NATO if they went on killing. Force and the threat of force are the only things that have moved the Serbs in this war of aggression. Every time there was a credible threat of NATO strikes, they gave way—as in their agreement to the heavy weapons exclusion zone around Sarajevo after the marketplace massacre there briefly roused the Clinton administration to demand action.

There were, and there still are, many obvious targets. The bridges over the Drina, which have borne supplies of weapons and ammunition from Serbia

to the Bosnian Serb forces, are one. Another is the Bosnian Serbs' military headquarters in Pale, the mountain town that is their self-styled capital. It is one of the many curious inequalities of this war (along with the gross injustice of the arms embargo) that the Bosnian capital of Sarajevo has been starved and shelled, its electricity and gas cut off, and its people murdered by snipers while the Serbian "capital" of Pale is a privileged sanctuary. NATO aircraft could obliterate Pale in a few hours. If a credible threat had been made to attack Pale, as it should have been made long ago, Mladic would have listened. But the Serbs have known for years that there was no will in the West to resist their aggression. While gloomy Western experts talked of the difficulty of spotting Serb weapons in the mountains, they left their guns and tanks in plain view because they knew nothing would happen. Rieff says: "The West's refusal to act while Vukovar was being destroyed and Dubrovnik shelled had shown them ... all they needed to know."

Rieff's important book is not easily categorized. It is not a work of history, or a scholarly analysis of Yugoslav politics, or a military chronicle. It is not an orderly book neatly listing names and dates. It is an impressionistic work. Unlike those of us who have condemned this genocide

from a distance, Rieff went to see it. He spent months in Bosnia during the period from mid-1992 until the end of 1994. He reports what he saw, condemns what he came to detest, vents the frustration that an American or European ought to feel at the culpability of Washington and London and the rest. He has written an epitaph for Bosnia, or for us. I do not think that anyone should be able to read this book without pain and anger.

"The systematic attempt on the part of the Serbs to exterminate the Bosnian Muslims," in Rieff's words, will have consequences not yet calculable. Two hundred thousand Bosnians have been killed, a cultural and architectural history has been ravaged, a rare symbol of tolerance and pluralism has been destroyed. For the West to have saved all that, Rieff rightly says, would have been "self-defense, not charity." But the reckoning for us, in other nationalist and religious savageries, is still to come. Stanley Hoffmann sums it up well: "The precedent set by the treatment of the Yugoslav crisis—the massive brutalization of international relations and the destruction through ethnic cleansing of a multinational state—is as shocking as it is disastrous."

ANTHONY LEWIS is a columnist for *The New York Times*.

Sunrise, Sunset

BY IAN BURUMA

Jews in the Japanese Mind: The History and Uses of a Cultural Stereotype by David G. Goodman and Masanori Miyazawa

(The Free Press, 360 pp., \$24.95)

You might be surprised to learn that Japan has a Jewish problem. After all, there are no Japanese Jews, apart from the odd convert. There is a small foreign Jewish community in Japan, to be sure, some of whose members are former refugees from Europe, who were relatively well treated by the Japanese government during the war, and who view young Israelis selling trinkets in Tokyo street markets with the same distaste as their forebears did Russian *schnorrer* giving Jews a bad name in Germany. But most Japanese hardly know what a Jew is.

Strictly speaking, of course, Japan does not have a Jewish problem. It has a Japanese problem, in which Jews figure

as figments of an often malign and always zany imagination. The Jews are a "pure race" to be worshiped or a monstrous conspiracy to be unmasked. A former cabinet minister named Saito Eisaburo wrote a book in 1984 in which he claimed that Franklin Roosevelt was a Jewish spy. Three years later, a mad Christian preacher from Osaka named Uno Masami warned in two books that "the Jews" were about to provoke an "economic apocalypse," which would enable them to buy up Japan, after which they would destroy the Japanese race by letting blacks and Hispanics take Japanese jobs and rape Japanese women. Uno's books sold more than 1 million copies in less than six months. Not only

that, but one of the major national newspapers, the *Yomiuri Shimbun*, took seriously his theory about a Jewish plot to revalue the yen.

At the same time there continues to be a steady stream of Japanese devotees tilling the Holy Land in kibbutzim. And the Anne Frank House in Amsterdam is one of the most popular destinations for young Japanese tourists. But then, as the authors of this fine book observe, Anne has lost her Jewishness in translation. She stands for all innocent victims, including the Japanese victims, of war in general. The sentimental message that war is very bad, and that innocent young people are very good, is a popular one in Japan. With more than 4 million copies sold, *Diary of a Young Girl* found more readers there than anywhere outside the United States. The first cartoon film of Anne Frank's diary has just been completed by a Japanese director, and the first Japanese company to market sanitary napkins for Japanese women called itself Anne Co., Ltd. (Oh, and *Fiddler on the Roof* is the longest-running musical in Japanese showbiz history.)

One of the many merits of *Jews in the Japanese Mind* is the way in which David G. Goodman and Masanori Miyazawa manage to tie up these bizarre contradictions. Indeed, they show that they are not always contradictions. Philo-Semitism can be one of the many forms of anti-Semitism. This is true everywhere, so to point it out in Japan may not be news. The real riddle is why these particular ideas, which have so little to do with Japan, have become so popular there? Why the Jews?

Goodman and Miyazawa do not attempt to arrive at a simple answer. They look at the publishing industry, at Japanese policies toward the Middle East, at economic conditions, at religious confusion, at wartime propaganda, at the rich local history of xenophobia and racialism. Although they do not ignore politics, their main interest is in cultural history.

They trace the roots of modern xenophobic ideology to the late eighteenth century, when, they say, there was a deep "spiritual crisis" in Japan. Buddhism had decayed to the point of death, and Confucianism had no explanations for the meaning of life. In this religious vacuum, Shinto thrived as a form of nativism, and so did various new cults, showing the quickest way to utopia. At the same time the colonial powers threatened to land from the West. And the old Tokugawa regime was crumbling. This led to the fear, among political activists and xenophobic intellectuals, that Japan would be conquered by foreigners and their barbarian ways. Christianity was especially feared.

The Christians, warned a thinker named Ukai Tetsujo (1814-91), aimed "to interconnect people's minds and take over the entire world." First would come conversion, then control. The Christians' methods were devilishly clever: they would use trade and finance as tools of their conspiracy. Lured by money, the Asians would fall into the trap. Goodman and Miyazawa quote a Confucian scholar named Ohashi Totsuzan (1816-62): "With ever more vulgar trinkets, they offer the necessities of life, sucking out the marrow of the nation, they sap its inimitable strength. Then waiting for the time when the nation is most vulnerable to conquest, they devour it in a single gulp."

I do not wish to make too much of this, but Ohashi sounds like certain contemporary American scholars and novelists warning us about American decadence and the Japanese peril. Goodman and Miyazawa make a different, and valid, point: twentieth-century Japanese xenophobes substituted the Christian bogey with the Jew. *The Protocols of the Elders of Zion*, a forgery written by a Russian police agent during the Dreyfus affair, was introduced by the Russians when Japanese troops landed in Siberia in 1918, and it fell on fertile soil in Japan. As Goodman and Miyazawa say, it is "widely accepted as authoritative even today." Uno Misami's best-sellers about worldwide Jewish networks plotting to devour Japan are still based on the premises of the *Protocols*. As further evidence of the myth of Jewish omnipotence, the Japanese remembered the success of the New York financier Jacob Schiff in securing loans for the Japanese government during the Russo-Japanese War of 1904-05. Ever since, Japanese specialists in the Jewish Problem, and sometimes Japanese governments, too, have oscillated between the wish to keep Japan pure from Jewish influence and to have the Jews on the Japanese side.

This was especially apparent during the 1930s and early '40s. The Japanese government signed the Anti-Comintern Pact with Germany in 1936. Two years later Jewish refugees began to pour into Kobe, Manchuria and Shanghai, which was under Japanese control. Berlin had its own ideas on how the Japanese ought to deal with the situation, and Germans were not slow to give advice. But Itagaki Seishiro, the Japanese Army minister who was not known for his liberal views on anything, least of all racial matters, formulated the following policy (quoted by Goodman and Miyazawa): "Jews living in Japan, Manchuria and China are to be treated fairly and in the same manner as other foreign nationals."

The Jews in European History Seven Lectures

Saul Friedländer
Amos Funkenstein
Eberhard Jäckel
Michael A. Meyer
Jehuda Reinharz
David Sorkin
Shulamit Volkov

Here are new and important insights about a Jewry that has left a lasting legacy.

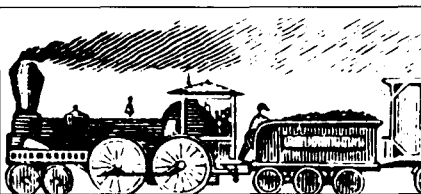
— George L. Mosse

\$16.95 paper

HEBREW UNION COLLEGE PRESS
Order from Behrman House, West Orange, New Jersey
1-800-221-2755



GOOD VIBRATIONS
Friendly, informative catalogs of sex toys, books & videos. \$4, applied toward first order.
1210 Valencia #NR,
San Francisco, CA 94110



MOVING?

Don't forget to let us know so you won't miss a single issue of **THE NEW REPUBLIC**.

Just attach your old address label in the first space provided and write your new address in the second space reserved below.

Old Address (Affix label from this issue.)

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

New Address

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Mail to:
THE NEW REPUBLIC
PO Box 602
Mt. Morris, IL 61054

Allow 4-6 weeks for change of address to go into effect.

Fairness, to the likes of General Itagaki, was a flexible notion, but by and large Japan stuck to this policy. Indeed, Jewish refugees were treated better than many other foreign nationals, especially those nationals who lived in the conquered European colonies. Efforts were also made by official organizations to harness the Jews to the Japanese cause. Dinners were held in Harbin and Shanghai at which Jewish community leaders and Japanese officials drank toasts to the New Order in Asia. For the Jews, this was a matter of survival. But the Japanese experts on Jewish matters prided themselves on their insights into world affairs. Koyama Takeo, the author of *East Asia and the Jewish Problem*, argued that

not only do [the Jews] control global financial empires that have amassed enormous power in China, but they are closely related to world Jewry, which exercises untold covert power in the political, financial and journalistic spheres of the Western nations, so the treatment they receive in Japan and in East Asia will have no small impact in the international sphere.

At the same time, Japanese government propaganda echoed all the paranoid fantasies of the Nazi allies. These fantasies were often peddled by former socialists with a cosmopolitan background. Some of them were Christians. Goodman and Miyazawa mention the example of Kuroda Reiji, a polyglot Marxist, who renounced his socialism in the 1930s (a public apostasy known as *tenko*) and became a ferocious nationalist. He had become convinced, he said, that "for a race to realize its unique culture and national destiny, it must attack and destroy Judaism in all its forms, seen and unseen."

This is a pattern that one still sees in Japan today. The most ardent defenders of "national soul" against alien pollution are often specialists in European languages or students of Western philosophy. Perhaps their first, hesitant brush with cosmopolitanism makes them afraid of becoming rootless drifters, isolated in the cold wide world, torn from the warm embrace of the Japanese *Heimat*. This would explain why some of them identify with Jews, even as they reject them. In Kuroda's words, "each of us must actively disgorge the Semitic world view that has lodged itself in our breast."

Identification with the Jews was a part of Japanese nationalism and anti-Semitism long before the war. Goodman and Miyazawa explain why. Since the 1860s, Japan attempted, successfully, to keep the powerful barbarians at bay by modernizing its political and military

institutions. But the modernization of Japan was in many respects the Westernization of Japan. This was not accomplished by democratic means, but by an appeal to a sacred and militarist form of patriotism. To enforce national unity and obedience to an authoritarian regime, official propagandists promoted a state ideology based on Shinto and emperor worship. The Japanese were a chosen race who might have adopted Western ways, but retained their unique national spirit. They were as civilized as the Europeans, yet they were rejected on racial grounds. Hence the idea that the Japanese were like the Jews.

Indeed, in the minds of some experts, the Japanese *were* the Jews. Nakada Juji (1870-1939), a Christian thinker who had spent time at the Moody Bible Institute in Chicago, saw a mystical link between the redemption of the Jews and the fate of Japan. The Jews would be redeemed by the Second Coming of Christ. According to Revelation 7:2, this blessed event would be the mission of the "angel rising out of the east," and the angel, of course, was Japan. Nakada took the identification of Jewish redemption with Japan's divine mission a step further: "I should like to prove that Israelitish blood runs mixed in the Japanese veins and in this we are not without historical evidences."

The "evidences" were furnished by the works of other Japanese scholars, who had dug deep into the national roots to find that early Japanese tribes had in fact been Jews. Since it was hard to claim that the Japanese race was unique as well as Jewish, anti-Semites later developed the theory that the common ancestry of the Jews and the Japanese was indeed a fact, but the Jews had become impostors. In the opinion of Masuda Masao, an influential scholar, the Sumerians were a branch of the divine Japanese race. Judaism was a counterfeit religion forged by Jewish priests who dressed up their god in the garb of the Sumerian sun god. "Thus," he concluded, "what is known as Jewish culture developed diabolically as a counterfeit expression of Japanese Sun Goddess culture." Masuda's views were propagated during World War II in the Association for International Politics and Economics, funded through the Foreign Ministry.

Like Adolf Eichmann, many Japanese anti-Semites took an interest in Zionism; and being ethnic nationalists, they were often in sympathy with it. So it did not seem too absurd to them to do a *tenko* after 1945, and present themselves as having been friends of the Jews all along. Goodman and Miyazawa quote one Mimura Saburo, a former communist who did a *tenko* in the 1930s and worked

for the Association for International Politics and Economics during the war: "The philo-Semitic movement, far from being subversive, was the highest expression of Japanese patriotism, for it was a movement that only those who believed deeply in the mission of the Japanese ethnic nation could have undertaken." To which one can only say, God preserve the Jews from the philo-Semites.

Although the Foreign Ministry of Japan is unlikely to promote this kind of nonsense today, Goodman and Miyazawa show how crackpot ideas remained far closer to the intellectual mainstream in postwar Japan than has been the case in Germany, where extreme anti-Semites, racial theorists and national-soul worshipers are confined to the lunatic fringe. Intellectuals who felt humiliated by the American occupation have been shouting for decades that MacArthur robbed the Japanese of their soul. Other intellectuals, some of them highly successful in terms of book sales and media exposure, have tried to retrieve this lost soul in more and less bizarre ways. Racial purity, divine cults and the Jewish Problem (as a threat or a source of identification) have been common ingredients of this intellectual pap. Add to this the leftist romance with Third World, and especially Palestinian liberation and Japan's dependence on Middle Eastern oil, and you can see why anti-Semitism, even without Jews, never went away.

Conservative politicians, who saw nothing wrong with boycotting Israel to keep the Arab governments happy, were not about to discourage anti-Semitic discourse in Japan, even from the left. And the national-soul merchants have been consistently promoted by right-wing politicians, who want to end the postwar arrangement whereby Japan sticks to commerce, while the United States takes care of defense. In their view, Japan has been reduced by its American-imposed pacifist constitution to being a Shylock among nations, concerned only with money, money, money. They are not entirely mistaken; but the way they make their case is often demented. I was not surprised to learn from this book that one of the speakers invited to a Liberal Democratic Party rally in 1987 was Uno Masami, the mad preacher from Osaka.

Goodman and Miyazawa mention other social and economic factors: the decline of serious publishing during the 1970s (a result of inflation due to the "oil shock") and the consequent rise of small presses, peddling sensationalist theories to explain Japan's position in the world. These explanations matched a general mood of unease and dissatisfaction. The

increase in Japanese industrial might did not bring a commensurate increase in the quality of life. The impotence, except as pork-barrel operators, of elected politicians made Japanese citizens feel helpless in a way that feeds conspiracy theories. Goodman and Miyazawa might also have mentioned the education system, designed to stuff young minds with factual knowledge, while dulling their capacity for critical thinking. And finally there is the problem of academic snobbery. Mad preachers and others of that ilk are unopposed and unexamined because wiser people refuse to descend from their ivory towers to take them on.

All these explanations are fine, as far as they go. It is with the particular focus of Goodman and Miyazawa that I differ. They conclude that Japanese anti-Semitism is "an eruption of the darkness in modern Japanese history. It is a malign version of the basic patterns of Japanese culture." Well, yes, and the same thing could be said of French anti-Semitism or German anti-Semitism. It would have been interesting, by the way, if Goodman and Miyazawa had compared Japanese race theories with those in European countries, rather than with the common ancestry theories of Black Hebrews in America or black Christian sects in South Africa.

The point of comparing the latter with Japanese ideas is that they

express contempt for white culture by rejecting what it holds most sacred; they assert their independence of whites by scorning their moral and religious principles even as they claim to these principles for themselves. These are precisely the characteristics and goals of Japanese theories of common ancestry with the Jews.

Still, there is another way of looking at Japanese anti-Semitism. If we sharpen the focus on political history, leaving culture as a fuzzier background, Japanese anti-Semites are shown to have more in common with their European counterparts (and models) than with Black Hebrews. For what is it about Judaism, or the imaginary Jews, that bothered Japanese anti-Semites? Atago Hokuzan, a university professor quoted by Goodman and Miyazawa, put it succinctly in 1941:

The degree to which countries retain a democratic character is precisely the degree to which they are subject to the Jewish dictatorship. . . . The extent to which the so-called fascist countries are totalitarian and espouse ethnic nationalism is precisely the extent to which they have thrown off the Jewish yoke.

The Meiji Restoration took place in 1868, less than 100 years after the French

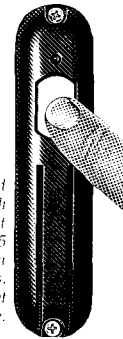
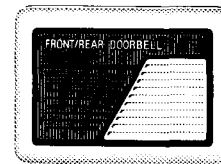
Don't fret about that obsolete doorbell and never miss another caller, with...

Wireless Door Chime/Pager System only \$39⁹⁵*

*But read this ad for an even better deal!

If your doorbell has seen better days and if re-wiring is a hassle and an expense you'd rather avoid, the *Wireless Door Chime/Pager System* is for you. Or if you are in your workroom, in the backyard or in your living room, with the TV going full blast, this System will always alert you. Attach the pushbutton Ringer on or near any door. Position the Chime permanently in any convenient place or carry it with you wherever you are in your home or office. Its pleasant bell sound will never let you miss any caller. There is no wiring at all—it's all done by FM radio transmission, with a range of over 100 ft. And the System has another very useful application: It's a Pager for home and office. Carry the Ringer switch with you, give the Chime(s) to your child(ren) and round them up when you need them. And it's a godsend of course when you have a sick child at home or anybody who might need to page you.

We are the foremost importers of the *Rodelvox Wireless™ Door Chime/Pager System* in the United States and are therefore able to bring you this useful product for just \$39.95 per set. But we have an even better deal: **Buy two for \$79.90, and we'll send you a third one, with our compliments—absolutely FREE!** Never miss another caller, another delivery, and another call from the sickroom. Get your *Wireless Remote Door Chime/Pager System* today!



•Each System comes with one Ringer and one Chime. You can get extra Ringers (with different bell sounds) so you can tell front from back door or extra Chimes for \$19.95 each (or any three for \$39.90). The System runs on (not included) AA/AAA batteries. Screws and velcro for permanent attachment are also included, for your convenience.

FOR FASTEST SERVICE, ORDER
TOLL FREE (800) 797-7367
24 Hours a Day, 7 Days a Week.

For quantity orders (100+), call Peaches Jeffries,
our Wholesale/Premium Manager at (415) 543-
6675 or write her at the address below.

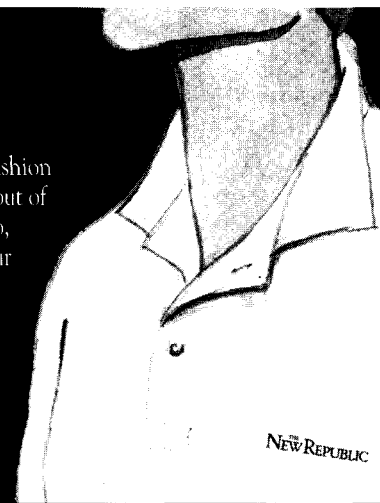
Please give order Code #1023A409. If you prefer, mail check or card authorization and expiration. We need daytime phone # for all orders and issuing bank for charge orders. Add \$4.95 standard shipping/insurance charge (plus sales tax for CA delivery). You have 30-day return and one-year warranty. We do not refund shipping charges.

since 1967
haverhills®

185 Berry St., San Francisco, CA 94107

THE NEW REPUBLIC POLO SHIRT

The New Republic is proud to present the ultimate fashion statement: *The New Republic Polo shirt*. Fashioned out of 100% cotton and custom embroidered with our logo, *The New Republic polo* will become the staple of your casual wardrobe. It also makes the perfect gift for TNR aficionados on your shopping list. *The New Republic polo* is available in crisp white with the logo embroidered in navy blue, in adult sizes small, medium, large and extra large. Only \$24.50 per shirt plus \$3.25 for first class shipping. Satisfaction guaranteed! Order yours today.



Name _____
Phone _____
Shipping Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____
Qty. _____ Size (S,M,L,XL) _____ Total Price _____

To order, call toll-free
1-800-875-9151
(M-F, 9-5 EST)

If using Visa, MC or AMEX, please provide the following information:

Account Number _____ Expiration Date _____
Signature _____

Mail this form along with check or money order made payable to
TNR Polo Shirt Offer, 1220 19th St, N.W., Suite 600, Washington, D.C. 20036

Revolution, and twenty years after the failed revolution of 1848. Richard Wagner was back in Germany, composing *Tristan and Isolde*. The Industrial Revolution had happened in Britain and Belgium; and in Germany and Japan it was about to begin. The Meiji Restoration was odd, compared with the political upheavals in Europe, because it used the sacred symbol of the emperor to stage a secular revolution. The result was an endless tug of war between the secular reformers and the ethnic chauvinists, which is yet to be concluded. But despite the presence of the emperor as the high priest of Japanism, Meiji Japan was in many ways a modern, secular state, whose political arrangements were no longer based on feudal loyalty to noble lords, but on parties and elections. People moved from farms to factories. Family bonds loosened. Cities grew. So did foreign trade. The Japanese economy became increasingly dependent on world markets.

This does not mean that Japan was a perfect democracy, but Japanese society was subject to the same strains as European bourgeois societies. Intellectuals worried about alienation. The left discovered Marxism. The right argued against "foreign" rationalism, and wanted to unify the nation by imposing "traditional values," the ideal of ethnic homogeneity, and so on. This is where the Jews come in.

In *The Germans*, Gordon A. Craig nicely summed up the source of Richard Wagner's anti-Semitism:

[He] combined a hidden admiration for the Jews' success in surviving centuries of oppression with strong doubts about the ability of his own people to retain its individuality in conditions of free competition. He expressed his anxieties in attacks upon the Jews as enemies of German culture.

Japanese Wagnerians were beset by precisely these anxieties, and they were not confined to the ethnic nationalist right. As was the case with many Marxists in Europe, there were leftists who saw the Jew as Shylock, the patron saint of capitalism—an image that has persisted to this day. *The Merchant of Venice* was the first play by Shakespeare known to the Japanese. It was translated in 1883, and Goodman and Miyazawa are surely right when they say that the initial popularity of the play "had nothing to do with the Jews," but a great deal to do with "the obsession with money and moneylenders that pervaded Meiji Japan." But they are also right when they say that the effect of "unrelenting exposure to *The Merchant of Venice* has been to render Shylock one of the defining images of Jews in Japan." Jews were associated with the soulless

chill of the international marketplace.

Of course, Shakespeare's character was only a convenient vessel for prejudices that would have existed anyway. To all people who made a reactionary cult of the monoethnic nation-state, in Europe as much as in Japan, Jews stood for rootless cosmopolitan parasites, sapping the vitality of the nation by infiltrating the organic *Gemeinschaft* like a virus. Judaism and liberalism meant the same thing. In the minds of some European xenophobes, Jews and Americans became interchangeable, as in Eliot's Bleistein with a cigar: "Chicago, Semite Viennese." (Eliot, of course, was an honorary European.)

Since many Japanese found it even harder to distinguish Jews from other foreign bodies, the lines between Jews and Anglo-Saxons became more blurred than in Germany or France. This is why American efforts to pry open the Japanese market, or to talk up the Japanese currency, can still conjure up visions of Jewish plots. It is also why authoritarian Japanese

politicians, who promote the ideal of a docile, disciplined, monoracial nation, depict the United States as a barbaric, hybrid nation of nothing but Bleisteins.

"Japanese anti-Semitism," Goodman and Miyazawa write, "will cease to be a problem when and to the extent that the Japanese people, and particularly Japanese intellectuals, renew their commitment to face up to and resist their own history." This sounds too vague to me. The future of Japan does not depend on its intellectuals, or on their views on history. It depends on the development of Japan's political institutions. Atago Hokuzan, the anti-Semitic professor, got it the wrong way around. The truth is more like this: the degree to which countries retain a democratic character is precisely the degree to which Jews cease to be a problem.

IAN BURUMA is the author most recently of *The Wages of Guilt: Memories of War in Germany and Japan* (Farrar, Straus and Giroux).

Death of a Salesman

BY ALEXANDER STAR

Fables of Abundance: A Cultural History of Advertising in America by Jackson Lears

(Basic Books, 492 pp., \$30)

"This ad isn't for you." "We apologize for our recent merchandise."

Over the past ten years, American advertisements have become grandiloquently confused, taking back half of what they say, relentlessly mocking themselves, the product, even the audience. Madison Avenue has cast a thick fog of irony around its work, and turned the business of selling into a commentary on itself. Copywriters don't want to make ads about cars; they want to make ads about ads.

If nothing else, this epidemic of self-parody reveals the advertising industry's unique blend of self-doubt and self-esteem. To read the advertising press these days is to find testimonials to hard times: large agencies are downsizing, and major companies have concluded that national campaigns aren't worth their while. The inventors of Morris the Cat and Charlie the Tuna were recently fired. Yet these dire signals haven't dimmed the industry's ambitions for the future: commercials continue to intrude their

bright colors and familiar techniques into new spaces—public school classrooms, on-line computer services, all-advertising television channels (The Home Shopping Network, MTV). And, for all the cynicism about salesmanhip, advertising's underlying enthusiasm for spending money meets little resistance. After the election Newt Gingrich explained that he wished to retaylor the "work ethic" to the Information Age. Did he argue, as nineteenth-century moralists might have argued, that hard work was an end in itself, or a sign of grace? No, Gingrich insisted that the value of the work ethic was its service to consumers. It would allow Americans to be world-class shoppers, enjoying the "widest range of choices and lifestyles."

Jackson Lears's fascinating new book is in large part a history of Madison Avenue ambivalence, of advertisers' longstanding quest for legitimacy and self-confidence. Advertisers, in Lears's account, have never been sure of whether to regard themselves as dignified professionals, distributing valuable facts, or as artful inventors,

fabricating compelling fictions. Part entrepreneur, part professional and part artist, the advertising man is the iconoclast at the center of capitalism.

As an historian, Lears is something of an iconoclast himself. Though a diehard critic of the corporate world, he avoids current approaches to radical scholarship. Instead of reclaiming the social history of ordinary people, he directs his attention to the nation's elites, and rather than applaud the political struggles of the disenfranchised, he invests his hopes in retail trade and art. Most pointedly, Lears's book rejects the asceticism that often lurks beneath attacks on advertising. What Lears wants is to find a place in the world for play, wonder and imagination. If "hedonism" implies a "leisured enjoyment" of objects, and "materialism" a "deeper engagement with the material world," then the problem with consumer society, he argues, is not that there is too much of these things, but too little.

To advance this case, Lears abandons the broad portrait of consumer society developed by social critics from Christopher Lasch to Daniel Boorstin. The rise of mass consumption did not, in his view, replace a work-driven culture of "character" and "self-control" with a leisure-centered culture of "personality" and "self-release." What happened instead was that pleasure found itself "subordinated to a larger agenda of personal efficiency." As Americans consumed more, they also subjected themselves to more intrusive rules and expectations. (Purchasers of deodorant in the 1920s were instructed to keep their arms aloft for ten minutes after using the product.) Still, Lears emphasizes that "neither confidence men nor consumer longings could ever be entirely integrated into the managerial system." And his sympathies lie with those unruly men and unorganized impulses. An aesthetically realized life, he insists, can still be lived in a market economy, outside the "standardized compartments of the corporation" and in the precincts of art.

Lears begins his advertising story with the early ad men of the 1850s and '60s, fast-talking, hard-drinking adjuncts to a Victorian counterculture of "seamy promoters and sweaty performers, barflies and prostitutes, mesmerists and magicians." The ad men's business was to sell blank newspaper columns to patent medicine-makers and other unscrupulous producers of unpredictable goods. But as the racy ads spread, together with

As a partisan of the "carnavalesque," Lears idolizes the life of the nineteenth-century market; the market, in its precorporate incarnation, spoke a surreal commercial vernacular, evident in the bizarre animals and contorted figures of patent medicine ads. But the rise of corporations and bureaucracies shattered this vibrant retail culture. In the aftermath of the Pure Food and Drug Act, he argues, ad agencies turned toward a more legiti-

mate clientele, and became more legitimate themselves. The exotic imagery of the patent medicine ads was excised. In its stead, ads offered standardized domestic scenes, many of them borrowed from the popular advice literature of the time. Patent medicines' magical promise of regeneration became breakfast cereals' guarantee of "Vim and vigor": "Quaker Oats are luscious, fragrant, flavory," went one ad in 1916. "But it's their tonic effect—the life-force that's in them—that makes them the staple of millions. Lovers of life eat them liberally. Lovers of languor don't." Where the appeal to religion didn't vanish, it became inseparable from respectability. "If cleanliness is next to godliness, then surely soap is a means of grace," testified Henry Ward Beecher, referring to the virtues of Pear's soap. Later ads found grace in still-lower quarters: "The first requisite to sanctity is to keep the intestines open."

No matter how respectable they became, Lears's ad men couldn't help doubting their own intentions and methods.

They belonged to an elite Protestant culture, and that culture harbored deep ambivalences about the patter of salesmanship and the morality of spending. Some of this suspicion began to relax, however, during the late nineteenth century. The first great ideological champion of the American consumer was the economist Simon Nelson Patten, who looms in Lears's book (as in William Leach's recent study of the department store, *Land of Desire*) as a peculiar and neglected figure in American social thought. Patten, an



IVORY SOAP ADVERTISEMENT, 1901, BY J.C. LEYENDECKER

national magazines and the first national brand names, a reaction set in. A newly organized medical profession, eager to establish its prerogatives, and a newly energized muckraking press, eager to expose fraud and deceit, launched a campaign against the patent medicine ads and their faulty promises of health and deliverance. The result was a decisive event in American advertising: the Pure Food and Drug Act of 1906, which essentially regulated the patent medicines out of existence.

Courtesy Warshaw Collection

Father in October

for Brownie and Kate

When the smell of freshly sharpened pencils had lost
Its power to intoxicate, when our first
Infatuation with September had slackened—
With its satchels and homework and new teacher;
When the leaves of the late-blooming chrysanthemums
In our frost-finished back garden had blackened,
One morning my mother would retrieve our winter
Hats and scarves, our gloves and heavy raingear.
My father would go up attic, bring down the storms
And snug them in, between ourselves and the weather.

One hundred years of our family had lived
Beneath that house's airy ceilings, had sat
By a grate where coal sputtered and glowed in the glass
Cases where my grandfather's books were shelved—
Shakespeare, the Brontës, Dickens, Sir Walter Scott.
And the house told stories, of interest only to us:
The well, sealed after Uncle John drowned a cat.
The deep-cut initials my older brother carved
Above the stairs. The bed my mother was born in.
Every dip in the floorboards spoke, every curious stain

Remembered. To marry my mother, my father found
In 1932, was to husband her house.
Its *fin de siècle* wiring was a fireman's nightmare;
What was airy in June was drafty in December.
"Manage," "Simplify," his granite New England
Eyes said. Those Willifords must have seemed another
Species altogether—with their Southernness,
Their leaky roof, their Eastlake furniture.
There was hardly a marble-topped table that didn't wobble,
Or a chair that couldn't have used some glue or a nail.

Saturdays he'd be up by six. First
A shave, and with his shaving brush he'd soap
Clean the lenses of his gold-rimmed glasses.
Then he'd collect himself over coffee and make a list,
Numbered and neat, of his day's projects in the shop
He had built out back under the hickory trees.
A nimbus of sawdust surrounding his concentration,
He'd turn a chair-leg on his lathe, cut out
A bracket or brace with his jigsaw, then fashion
A toy pistol for me, or a paddle-wheel boat.

Daddy's real work was engineering. His own
Dreams and epiphanies came to him, I imagine,
In the language of his *métier*—straightedged and clear
As a blueprint, verifiable by time and motion
Studies. His few inventions that made a profit,
The many he drew in his mind but had to give
Up on, lived a life pristine and platonic—
Not subject to half-measures or the change of season,
Not battered by weather or in need of repair
Like the mortal house I judged him master of.

RICHARD TILLINGHAST

early director of the Wharton School of Economics, turned traditional notions of thrift and virtue on their head. While conservative critics fretted that excessive spending would destroy the work ethic, the family and the ideal of character, Patten applauded the urge to spend. "The non-saver is now a higher type than the saver," he argued once. "I tell my students to spend all they have and borrow more and spend that." Only if American workers were eager to buy new and enticing goods would they be inspired to toil productively. It's a vision that Gingrich would admire.

For all his faith in consumerism, however, Patten remained a traditionalist of sorts. As workers satisfied their basic material needs, they would turn to the satisfaction of finer aspirations, until one day they might transcend desire altogether. Patten's social gospel was a potent blend of Victorian uplift and post-Victorian pleasures, harmonizing work and leisure, acquisition and toil, spending and spirit. And his system, part-radical, part-traditional, helped the advertising industry to overcome its anxieties about itself.

During the 1920s advertisers further increased their status and their self-confidence. World War I, the industry claimed, had been won by good salesmanship (the Versailles Treaty, by contrast, was a P.R. disaster). Advertisers argued that their work was essential to a growing economy: it compensated for overproduction by bringing unsold goods to the attention of consumers, and it extended the national circuit of distribution beyond the reach of the railroads. According to Herbert Hoover, advertising was a "vital force in our national life," and advertisers responded to this praise by further shedding the uncouth origins of their trade and modeling themselves after other professions. It was even proposed that a Ph.D. in advertising should be established.

Still, advertisers remained uncertain of how to regard their services. Even at the height of prestige, they "wavered between a . . . rhetoric of uplift through professionalism and a sweeping contempt for their audience." To explain their work in public, agencies liked to say that they served the "sovereign consumer." The consumer is informed by the advertiser's assistance, just as a voter is informed by the press. Yet, as Lears shows, advertising's allegiance to sincerity, professionalism and the informed shopper was far from complete. Even as they launched industry-wide "truth in advertising" campaigns, ad men argued that effective advertising had to go beyond the truth. It depended on the more "playful and performative" aspects of language, and on the magical ability of

words to summon up vague longings and desire. "It's possible to write as emotionally about ham as about Christianity," boasted one agency employee in 1923.

Despite talk of the "sovereign consumer," advertisers also held less flattering views about their audience. In consulting with clients, they borrowed the notion of a "mass man," passive, gullible, easily manipulated, everything the "sovereign consumer" was not. This "mass man" required careful examination: it was during the '20s that advertisers began to turn from a science of "knowing the product" to one of "knowing the audience," generating a flood of market research, consumer data and psychoanalytic speculation that continues to this day (though focus groups have replaced Freud). As advertisers scanned the consumer unconscious, they imagined their audience as passion-driven bundles of impulse, while imagining themselves as wise, dispassionate inquirers.

The Depression brought a halt to this "aria of self-congratulation." For a time, desperate businessmen abandoned the advanced, sleek ads of the '20s—all those lengthy silhouettes and tall office windows—and resorted to hectoring radio broadcasts. But Lears argues that the Depression did little to halt the consolidation of advertisers' authority. As before, advertisers expanded their business during wartime, sponsoring patriotic messages and public service announcements. By the end of the war, their identification of "free enterprise" with the "American way of life" was firmly established and the terms were set for a triumphant consumer society: unions promised hard work and labor discipline in return for higher wages and the promise of greater access to consumer goods. "There's not much romance in earning the dollars," said one ad, "but in parting with them, the buyer is boss." At least until the '60s, consumerism became the official means of compensation for the drudgery of the well-managed corporate workplace.

In Lears's fluent, disappointed narrative, advertising was once a valuable medium. It intruded mystery and imagination into everyday life, shaking up settled habits with the appeal of the unknown. But, Lears concludes, advertising hasn't lived up to this promise, dependent as it is on a corporate culture that prizes efficiency and routinized spending. In his telling, the transition from a market economy to a corporate order becomes a fall from magic and wonder into work and regimentation. Even pleasure isn't what it used to be. Desire, he says, has been "disembodied." It has been redirected from the enjoy-

ment of things to the struggle for status.

This story can certainly be disputed. The nineteenth-century workplace, after all, was hardly free of monotony, and not all of today's business enterprises are perfectly streamlined, rationalized and efficiency-maximized. Indeed, the least modernized businesses are the most likely to pay minuscule wages, offer stifling working conditions and padlock the fire exits. Still, Lears's brand of nostalgia is striking. He doesn't pine after the vanished work ethic. Rather, he welcomes traditions that value novelty, mystery and surprise. And he sees imaginative possibilities in the world of degraded commodities, in the mute, tawdry things a civilization leaves behind. Lears welcomes abundance because it offers the possibility of a deeper relation to the world. Objects are the occasion for "serious play," and the more of them the better.

Running alongside Lears's historical reckoning is another, more tentative and personal work—an effort to uncover "alternative ways of being." He finds them wherever the wasteful habits of consumerism are laid aside—in gift-exchange, collecting and connoisseurship. And, in the final sections of his book, he turns abruptly away from advertising and looks for consolation in art. A work of history becomes a meditation on modernism.

These last pages form an awkward and moving coda to an otherwise more conventional work of scholarship. Modern art, for Lears, is an arena in which older, less efficiency-crazed ways of looking at the world survive and flourish. In the ambivalent appreciation of collecting and connoisseurship in James and Wharton, and in the apotheosis of personal memory in Proust, and in the invocation of "household gods"—humble things, chairs and desks—in Rilke, he sees an alternative both to consumerism's restless, acquisitive ethos and to its stern, humorless critics. These artists stand outside the corporate mill. But they did not reject contemporary life. At least in part they accepted the everyday materials of the modern world and sought to transfigure them into something precious and mysterious. In their work, objects are valued not for their "use value" or "exchange value" but for their capacity to arouse "memory" and "imagination."

Lears saves his highest regard for those artists who went beyond James and Wharton in the appreciation of everyday things. Accordingly, the book ends with a portrait of Joseph Cornell, the retiring Christian Scientist who spent forty years assembling "pocket museums" in his home on Utopia Parkway in Queens. Cornell's miniature boxes perfected a demot-

ic "aesthetic of the outmoded," reclaiming tram tickets, candy wrappers, gears and used razors into an "architecture of the imagination." In Cornell's boxes, objects acquired a "redemptive aura, as part of a storehouse of cultural memory in a society that systematically eroded it." Cornell balances aesthetic mystery with a democratic participation in everyday life. The result is nothing less than a partial "reenchantment of the world."

Seeking refuge from consumerism's organized banality, Lears repairs to the realms of art and literature, where James, Wharton, Rilke and Cornell are all assimilated into a single sweeping project. Their work points toward a fuller affiliation with the material world, an affiliation that lends ordinary things a luminous presence, beyond utility and exchange. As an antidote to the harried consumer, Lears's artist-dreamer is an attractive figure.

But enlisting art into one's spiritual ambitions is a risky business. And like most efforts to aestheticize everyday life, Lears's argument does some damage to art itself. Dreamer, artist and child all merge into one archetypal figure, intoxicated with memory and imagination. Lears wants to establish a continuum between patent medicines and poems. A few discriminations are lost along the way, among them the particular means by which art intensifies and rearranges experience, and the particular gifts that the most talented artists bring to this task.

In the end, Lears is so appalled by corporations and bureaucracies that he wants to base his opposing case on their polar opposites—memory and imagination. But memory and imagination are hardly adequate bases for a social philosophy. They can be put to any number of uses, not all of them benign. Indeed, advertising itself makes free use of fantasy and remembrance. What distinguishes the mysterious power of art from the allusive promptings of advertisers?

Instead of making these distinctions, Lears abandons himself, like a patent medicine user, to his own fantasy of magical self-transformation and release—a dream of wishing consumer society, and all its promotion of "fascinating but forgettable goods," away. It is hard to think that this imaginative finale poses much of a threat, or even a challenge, to the resiliently complex consumer ethos that he deplores. But it is a powerful fantasy; and if you share Lears's grim view of advertising, labor and the consumer workplace, it is probably a necessary one as well.

ALEXANDER STAR is editor of *Lingua Franca: The Review of Academic Life*.

MIAMI DIARIST

Point of view

WELL, I WAS IN A HOTEL ROOM IN South Beach, and while models drifted vacantly outside on the sidewalk, and palm trees swayed in the soft, evening air, Phil Gramm popped up on C-SPAN. He is not, one surmises, a South Beach kind of guy. He does not exude the supple sensuality of Latin beauty; and it's hard to imagine him sipping on a Met-Rx fruit shake, rollerblading carelessly down Ocean Drive. But as he and his wife, Wendy, emerged from under a phalanx of marine swords to announce for president, he glowed with a highly contemporary aura. The man's sheer ugliness—political, physical, vocal, philosophical ugliness—makes him perfect for the moment. The political public is now so hip to the seamless slickness of a Clinton or a Gingrich that Gramm's coarseness is a great benefit. He's like a black-and-white ad in the middle of a color magazine. His announcement speech, *pace* Clinton, was a model of brevity and conviction. Gramm is clear where his main rivals—Clinton, Dole and Wilson—are not. He'll balance the budget in four years, or retire. (He's the only major Republican to favor showing exactly how they'll achieve a balanced budget.) He'll end all affirmative action in the federal government. Name any anti-crime measure and he'll support its most draconian version. He's pro-life, period. In all these things, moreover, he can be believed, even on the budget. Is he too mean to win? Possibly. But on race, the issue where meanness most hurts, Gramm is inoculated. Thanks to his Asian-American wife and Amerasian sons, he's an archetype of this country's transracial, conservative future. And besides, meanness won't be a key factor in 1996. Next to Clinton's vague compassion, it could even be a boon. After eight years of Bush-Clinton, the voters want accountability and clarity. If the mean guys credibly promise these things, they'll win. That's what the Contract with America proved; that's what could bring Gramm to the White House. And though I hate to admit it, eight years of hackery is enough to make you see why.

THE CULTURAL EQUIVALENT OF Gramm is the Weather Channel. Maybe it's my British roots that keep me fixed

to the screen, but I find something deeply comforting about the station. I watch it to calm me down just before I go to sleep, and in Miami, it provided great schadenfreude pleasure to see the temperature in D.C. But the real attraction is that it's the only medium on television that actually provides you with the truth. There is relatively little spin and an enormous emphasis on empirical data: a kind of C-SPAN of the lower atmosphere. Its graphics and studios are cheerfully amateur; its presenters are badly dressed but click that little weather clicker with an appealing earnestness. The ads tend to be for shoe-spikes for icy sidewalks, or crackly photo-shots of local restaurants. In the middle of our over-designed, spin-drenched, meta-hyped media, it's a balm. When you watch those bright green radar swirls juddering toward your vicinity, you know simply that it's going to rain. There are no commentators telling you how the rain may be feeling, or who may object to it; weather predictions are not yelled by pundits; and Maurie Perl is not going to send out a press release. The rain isn't socially constructed; and no one's to blame. The only philosophy is one that congratulates the dry and commiserates with the sodden. In these elysian, empirical climes, it is just rain; and it will fall.

IN THE OTHER FLORIDA, SEVERAL hundred miles north of here on the Gulf Coast, a trial recently took place that I'm amazed didn't attract more national attention. I'm amazed particularly since it happened at the same time that Betsey Wright confirmed to David Maraniss that, as governor of Arkansas, Bill Clinton had purloined women for state troopers and vice-versa. (O.k., Tyrell, you were right.) The case is much more extreme, but it's an interesting cultural sidelight to Clinton's. I traveled through the town, Port St. Joe, where the trial unfolded, last summer. It's a paper-mill community on the steamy Southern coast, made up of low-slung houses and racially divided by railroad tracks. Much of the town carries the sweet, sickly air of the mill. Its sheriff, one Al Harrison, was the center of the affair. Last June, he was suspended from office by Florida Governor Lawton Chiles after a few female inmates complained to state inspectors that the sheriff had forced them to perform oral sex on him as a condition of their parole. As the investigation grew, even the sheriff's secretary, a woman of unimpeachable reputation and the wife

of the police chief, testified that she, too, had been put through the ordeal. A week later, she was found dead in a car accident. The scene was so trampled over by local police that no thorough investigation was feasible. The death was later recorded as a suicide, caused by the trauma of publicly confessing such a story.

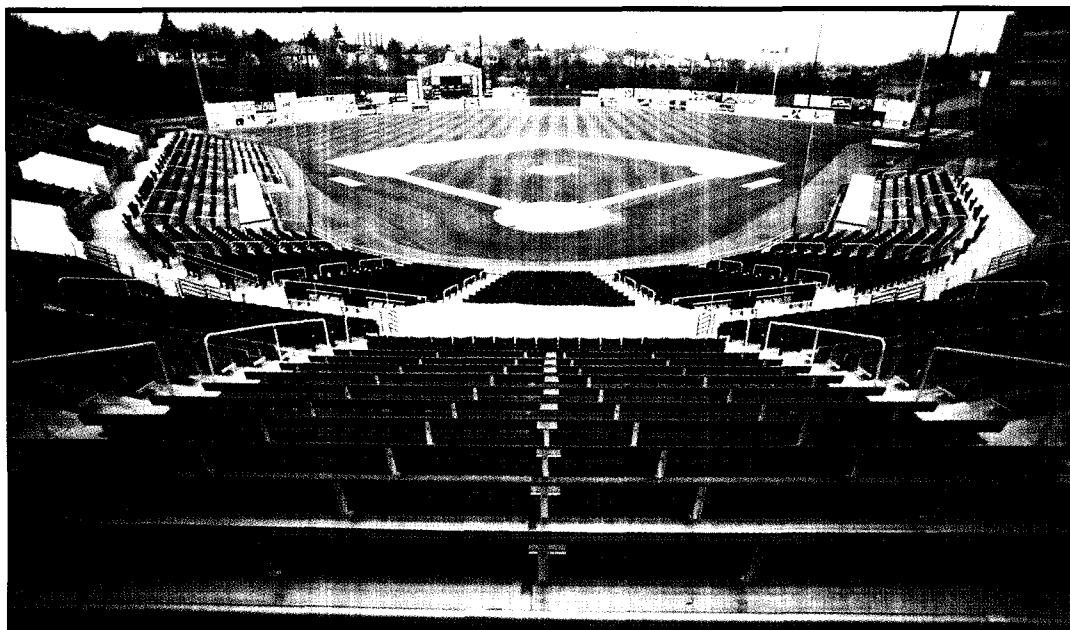
THE CASE PROVIDES PLENTY OF evidence that the old South is alive and well. The local paper, *The Star*, run by another good-old-boy friend of the sheriff, supported him entirely, barely reported the story and editorialized that state investigators should clear out of the county. (The case was kept alive by the superb reporting of the *St. Petersburg Times's* Lucy Morgan.) A local television station felt no qualms in revealing the names of the women involved, who were painted—Paula Jones-style—as sluts and ne'er-do-wells. Harrison accused

the investigation—à la Clinton—of being politically motivated. But prosecutors found Harrison's office covered in semen traces (the DNA of which perfectly matched the sheriff's), despite the fact that last summer he'd hired a local company to steam-vacuum the carpet. Harrison argued that the stains—which were found on three chairs and in several places on the rug—were the result of a night of passion with his wife in the office some ten years previously.

STILL, UNLIKE THE HAPLESS PAULA Jones, the women were allowed their day in court last month. Their testimony was riveting and oddly familiar: "He got up and unzipped his pants ... and said, 'You know what you have to do,'" said one 36-year-old Jackson County woman. "He came in front of my chair with the furlough paper in his hand, leaned back on the desk and pulled the back of my head down. When he finished, he signed my furlough paper, I got my stuff and went outside where my sister was waiting for me." Harrison was convicted by a jury a month ago and was led from the courtroom, yelling, "Before the Lord Jesus Christ, I didn't do it!" Which goes to show that the South isn't quite what it was, after all. A good-old-boy can no longer abuse his position to extort sexual favors from lower-class women, use his connections to hush it up and stigmatize the women as a way to avoid a trial. Unless, of course, he gets to be president of the United States.

ANDREW SULLIVAN

They built more than a ballpark in Portland, Maine



They transformed the way government works

The Portland Sea Dogs wouldn't have a new home today had the city relied on business-as-usual.

Instead of giving up when they couldn't afford a private contractor to build the stadium, city officials tried something new. They asked city workers to do the job. It was a home run of an idea.

The winter was long and cold, but the city workers completed the stadium in just 7 months. And in the process they saved taxpayers \$1 million. The Sea Dogs had a home in time for spring.

This wasn't just a stroke of good luck. In 1990 Portland made a commitment to better government. There was a recession and the city needed cash. But instead of layoffs and angry words, the city and the public employees union, AFSCME Local 481, established a labor-management partnership to streamline public services.

That changed everything. Workers were given equal say. They were urged to submit cost-saving ideas. Responsibility was theirs to take.

And taxpayers saw results. A sidewalk project was done for thousands less than a contractor would have charged -- despite a large increase in the project's scale. A new in-house supply store gave city workers everything from lumber to lugnuts when they needed them -- and cut purchase orders from 40,000 to 1,000 in one year.

There's no magic to Portland's enterprise. It's what successful corporations are doing. Treat workers as resources. Trust them to make decisions. Train them for more responsibility. Cut out unnecessary management layers. Redesign the government workplace.

Taxpayers benefit. Services improve. Everyone wins. Sometimes all it takes to build a stadium is a little bit of teamwork.

**PUBLIC EMPLOYEES
PARTNERS FOR CHANGE**

more information on how to redesign government and improve public services, call 1-800-634-0409.

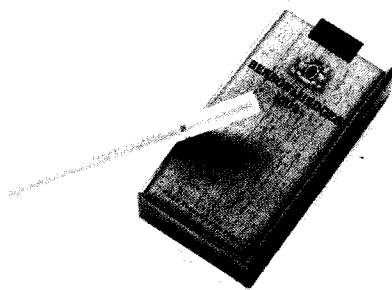


LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Ever wonder why she's holding a light?
For a great smoke, take a few liberties.



BENSON & HEDGES 100's



THE LENGTH YOU GO TO FOR PLEASURE

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking By Pregnant Women May Result in Fetal Injury, Premature Birth, And Low Birth Weight.



Finally, a welcome sign for people who smoke.
Call 1-800-494-5444 for more information.

© Philip Morris Inc. 1995

15 mg "tar," 1.1 mg nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.